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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

CHANDLER ROBBINS, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1839. NO. 914.---VOL. XVIII.—NO. 7.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

Extract from an Address at the Annual Cattle Shows of the Worcester and the Hampshire, Hampden, and Franklin Agricultural Societies, Massachusetts. October, 1838. By Henry Colman.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Massachusetts! what delightful and precious associations cluster around that honored name. If there is no poetry, there is to the children of Massachusetts always music in the name; and if the poets never could weave it into verse, where is there a true son of this mother, who has not felt the very name—especially if heard in a foreign land,—strike, with a touch of melody, the chords of the soul?

Massachusetts is with many a despised land. Many will tell you with disdain that 'her territory is little larger than a pocket handkerchief; irregular in its shape; on the east like a long man in a Procrustean bed, not daring to stretch himself at full length; on the west rising into almost inaccessible mountains, bristling with firs. Here are wide tracts of blowing sand; and here again long extended and solitary pitch-pine plains. Here deep and undrained morasses, and there piles of granite, or rolling boulders, or fields covered as thickly with stones as a recently dug and unpicked patch of potatoes with its produce.' Then, too, they continue; 'the soil is thin and cold; it yields nothing but by hard labor and incessant manuring; and the wretched people must work or starve. The climate, too, is dreadful. There are the cold east winds in the spring, which come over you like the scraping of a new-filed saw; the bitter north-westers, which try the firmness of your muscles; and the early autumnal frosts, and the driving and bristled snow, which so often, without any reverence for persons, comes between the wind and your nobility. And then, too, the people; what are they but a pack of workers, rough-handed farmers, mechanics, shoemakers, manufacturers, and traders, and their vulgar wives and daughters, who condescend to use their needles and dabble in soap-suds, and presume to come from the kitchen into the parlor; so that a chivalrous gentleman of the genuine cockney stamp and of the last impression, finds himself as little at home among them as the monkey of the menagerie in his regimentals, when he found himself in the farmer's cattle yard. Then comes their insufferable ambition. Why there is not a mother that is not dreaming of it, nor a father that is not working hard that his son may be qualified to be Governor of the Commonwealth, or a delegate to Congress, or perhaps rise as high as to be member of the General Court and Justice of the Peace.' Such are the terms in which some men would portray our beloved Commonwealth. Now allow a son of hers—would to heaven he were worthy of his descent,—to speak of her as in truth he can; but that must be very different from what he would if he had the power to do her justice.

The territory of Massachusetts is comparatively small; but it is capable of sustaining from its own products in ease and comfort a population four times as great as now inhabits it. Look at her productive industry in the mechanic arts! Who, before the ascertainment of the fact, could have amagined that the annual value of her domestic manufactures exceeded ninety millions of dollars? The amount of her agricultural productions, could its statistics be ascertained, would present as astounding results. Yet the developement of her agricultural resources and capacities has hardly begun. Let us look at one of the most populous counties in the state of an agricultural character. The whole number of acres in the county of Essex exceeds two hundred and seventy thousand. Of this only fourteen thousand are under tillage. Only ten thousand, exclusive of that which is in roads or water, are considered as unimprovable; but thirty four thousand, though capable of improvement, are unimproved; and upwards of one hundred thousand acres are in wood or pasturage. Now parts of this county have produced in repeated instances more than one hundred bushels of corn to the acre, more than forty of rye, more than fifty of barley, more than thirty of wheat, more eight hundred of carrots, morethan nine hundred of Swedish turnip, more than five hundred of potatoes, and more than four tons of hay. These facts rest upon unquestionable testimony. The redemption of waste lands, in the county to which I refer, has in several instances of extensive improvements, increased its products twenty times in quantity and value; and has raised the value of the lands in many cases from five dollars to one hundred dollars per acre.

'The bounds of Massachusetts are irregular;' strange that nature should not have conformed more exactly to the rules of art and confined herself to right lines. The indentation of her shores however forms many valuable inlets and harbors, where her enterprising mariners finds shelter and anchorage. Even her sandy shores and plains are not without their fertile spots. There is many an oasis in these deserts; and with the animal and vegetable deposits thrown up by the moving sea, even her sterile fields are made in many cases highly productive. The mountains, which form her western boundary, are not without their advantages. These constitute our dairy and grazing districts. They furnish the richest pasturage, and few of them are incapable of the cultivation of the most valuable grasses, esculent vegetables, oats, barley and Indian corn. Some of these hill-towns are advancing more rapidly in wealth than many of the towns embracing the richest alluvions of our valleys. Their inhabitants breathe an air, which gives strength and elasticity to their muscles, and spread the vermilion hues of health over their countenances. They drink of the gushing spring, which pours its crystal streams from the sides of their mountains, for a draught of which many a settler on the verdant and beautiful prairies of the west would gladly give bushels of his wheat; and oftentimes, when I have followed the flight of an adventurous settler to his eagle's nest on some of our loftiest summits, I have been sure to find the abode of plenty and independence. Of the soils of Massachusetts, though we have our thin and hungry portions, we have little land, capable of it which will not amply repay the labor and expense of cultivation. Our morasses and peat meadows, when subjected to the operations of a skilful husbandry, become eminently productive. Our sandy plains are yet to undergo the quickening process, of no doubtful efficacy, of plaster and clover; and in many cases even our roughest granite pastures, which seem almost to defy cultivation, have been brought under the scythe, sometimes at an enormous expense, and yet in the end a profitable outlay. I have yet to discover the instances of a single agricultural improvement in the State, managed with judgment, skill, and economy, which has not afforded an ample remuneration for the expense incurred, and always much more than doubled its value. In some cases this value has been enhanced a hundred-fold. In this matter it would be easy to give facts upon facts, but time does not admit of it.

Of the climate of Massachusetts it is enough to say that epidemic diseases are scarcely known among us; that we have no unhealthy districts of country; that a higher standard of health has not been reached in the known world. To the temperate, industrious and virtuous, no part of the world presents a fairer chance for the continuance of the physical and intellectual powers.

Of her social and political condition, I will speak only of the great and essential elements. What can we ask more, then, than that all labor should be voluntary; that the fruits of honest industry should belong to those, who have produced them; that religious liberty should be enjoyed in its widest latitude; that justice should be carefully and promptly administered, and accessible to the most humble and the least protected; that the dominion of the law should be unquestioned; that the burdens of society should press with a weight too light even to be perceived, by the honest citizen, any more than the beautiful element, which constantly surrounds him; that property should be very equally divided, and the various avenues to business be open to all; that a true equality should reign every where; that education, simple and liberal, should freely proffer its advantages to all; that property and distinction should be alike accessible to all; that the rights of one should operate no prejudice to the lawful success of another; and lastly, that the people should be sovereign, and every man, be he high or low, rich or poor, should be directly responsible to the public judgment. In all these substantial elements of social order and good, what community has ever surpassed our own?

Of the picturesque beauty of the scenery of Massachusetts, few even of her own children are fully conscious. In the general neatness and comfort of her dwellings: in the beauty and thrift of her numerous villages; in the improved taste, and every where the increasing attention paid to rural embellishments; in the neat cottage exhibiting its white front and its Venetian blinds on the side of some beautiful hill, or on the margin of some peaceful lake, its door yard crowded with ornamental trees, its piazzas trellissed with vines, and its avenue decorated with flowers; in the school house, which meets you so often at the division of the roads, crowded with its courteous, happy, and buoyant congregation; in the lyceums, academies, and colleges for the higher departments of learning, which present themselves in such frequent vicinity; in the village church, which lifts its glittering spire from the midst of some umbrageous valley, perhaps by the banks of some flowing stream, the traveller who sympathises in what is beautiful in itself, and delicious and refreshing from its associations, will be constantly charmed and gratified as he passes over our blessed territory. Or is he in search of the picturesque and the romantic, let him follow round our indented sea-shore and traverse its hard-trodden beaches, where the ocean is continually pouring out its phosphorescent jewels at his feet; let him ascend some of the beautiful prominences in the vicinity of the capital; let him follow the course of the Merrimack and mark its deep and its broken current, the many portions which occasionally open their glistening surface to the eye as he traverses its rich and cultivated shores; let him come into your own county and observe its improved summits, covered in the season of vegetable luxuriance with their rich herbage, their bending crops, and their numerous herds; let him visit some of your charming lakes and remark them, when, on their thickly fringed sides, the gorgeousness of their autumnal foliage is reflected in all its variegated brilliancy from their mirrored suface; let him pass over to the valley of the Connecticut, and from its mounts Holyoke or Sugar Loaf, Pocumtuckor Round Hill, let him cast his eye over these extended valleys of exuberant fertility, of high cultivation, and of indescribable magnificence and splendor; let him follow up the Deerfield in its winding course through the beautiful valley of Charlemont, and among the gathering and deep clad mountains of Zoar, and as he ascends the Hoosic mountain from the east, let him trace the romantic passage of this wayward stream by the silver radiance of its waters as they find their passage through the deep and dense and frowning mountains which at every step seem determined to resist their progress; let him pursue his journey until he reaches the western descent of the Hoosic range; and let him stop at this striking spot and mark the unrivalled beauty and sublimity of the valley and mountain scenery as it first bursts upon the view; let him take his stand where the Hoosic and the Housatonic rise in the close vicinity of each other, and follow down their winding currents until they pass beyond the boundaries of the state; let him, from whatever point he may choose, look down upon the exquisitely beautiful valleys of Williamstown, of Lanesboro', of Pitsfield, of Lee, of Hop-brook, of Stockbridge, of Lenox, of Great Barrington, of Sheffield, of Richmond, and of Egremont; and if his eye is not enchanted, his affections warmed, his taste improved, his imaginaiion illumined and lifted up, it is because he has not the common attributes of humanity.

Such, fellow citizens, is the territory, in which divine providence has in its beneficence cast your lot. I will not disturb the grateful and honest pleasure with which you contemplate your own goods, by any invidious comparison with the condition of others less favored. It is enough for us to know our own blessings; to acknowledge, to secure, and to extend them.

A Fact for the Deist.—However Deists may deride and scoff at the Bible, it is a fact capable of the clearest proof, that had it not been for the Scriptures, there would not, at this time, be such a thing as pure Theism upon earth. There is not now in the world an individual who believes in one infinitely perfect God, whose knowledge of this truth may not be traced directly or indirectly to the Bible.—*Dr. Alexander.*

SUNDAY IN ITALY.

'It would be difficult to form an idea of the manner of observing the Sabbath in Catholic countries by what can be seen of the people of that denomination in the eastern cities of the United States. The Italians, for instance, have hardly any preaching at all, except in Lent, and even then attendance on sermons is not among the absolute commandments of the church. Mass only is the order of the day; and, as priestly industry has contracted the duration of that sacrifice within the space of ten minutes, few Catholics ever think of infringing so condecending a law, except the haughty philosopher who does it as a demonstration of independence and scorn. Accordingly, before day break, before the opening of the church, a sleepy, hurrying crowd is besieging the door for the discharge of their Christian duty. The doors are thrown open. Enter traveller and his valise,—driver and his whip,—house-keeper and her basket,—sportsman and his hound, supposing him to be civil enough to have left his gun at the entrance. Two meagre candles are lighted; a huge folio is open; some buzzing prayers are muttered, and so terminates what is called, *Mess degli affrettati.*

Towards noon all the ladies' toilets are over, all the new suits of clothes are donned—a large concourse of fine and fashionable people assemble in their favorite church, a small insignificant building, but secure from the intrusion of the vulgar. The ladies kneel at random in their pews, or are helped to chairs by the gentlemen. These last stand at the extremity of the aisle, a various, gaudy, ever fluctuating group, talking and laughing, and from their glasses darting death at the beauties on the right and left. In the interior of a small chapel, something is going on that nobody sees or hears. When that something is over, off walks the male part of the audience, and ranges itself in two long rows, leaving a narrow avenue for the passage of the ladies who appear radiant, edified, sanctified, ready for the promenade. This is called *La messa dei brlli.*

In the afternoon all that the city possesses of fine horses and gilt chariots is prancing up and down the *lorso;* in the evening the *cafes* are dazzling with a thousand lamps, the theatres are trembling with the strains of intoxicating music, the private parlors are glowing with all the ardor and transport of an Italian *soiree.* This is the Sabbath in the town.

In the country, in many a village of the Lombard plain, in many a parish of the remotest districts of the Appenines, is easily found as true, as pure, as ignorant a piety, as could have been in the time of the crusades. The manners of these people are stationary, and know no progress either for better or worse. It is a race that cannot be removed from their notions any easier than one of their oaks from the spot where it grew. They are nothing to the rest of the world; the rest of the world is nothing to them. There is hardly an instance of emigration in those hamlets; hardly any of immigration. In their genealogical traditions, they go back as far as the proudest nobility in the land. The cottage of the valley is often as old as the castle towering upon the hill. Be the multiplication of the species as active as it may please providence in those patriarchal dwellings, there is room for all. Here the same roof covers the numerous branches of fourteen generations; there the old stock withers in loneliness, which famine or pestilence has stripped of the pride of its foliage. Vice in no shape can find its way to these sacred recesses. Were it even brought there from abroad, it would perish discountenanced by that instinctive innocence, as it is said of those fortunate climates, where all reptiles are naturally harmless, and even such as are imported from foreign shores, lose their venomous qualities at the very first landing.

It will be easily supposed that the tenants of such privileged districts must be much addicted to the practice of going to church. No distance, in fact, no hardships of weather or roads were ever known to prevent the Lombard peasant from his devotional duties. Still before and after the fulfilment of these duties, in the intervals between the long services of his church, morning and evening untill late in the night he gives himself up, without a scruple or restraint to such enjoyments as his limited sphere can afford. In the morning they are the sports of the wood; in the afternoon athletic exercises; in the evening whole villages assemble, in winter in a large parlor, in summer on the threshing floor by moon-light, and there, with the music of self-taught fiddlers and pipers, seniors and matrons sitting gravely around, they appoint managers and partners, and wise jigs *tarantellas, furtanas,* and a variety of dances, and country dances, they go on until they feel completely rested and refreshed for the daily toils of the morrow.

In all these sports the pastor is expected to join, and no joy is complete, unless he is there to take his share. We must confess we have never seen a minister dancing; but we have seen more than one rising very early with a gay company on a fine Sunday morning, loading and shouldering his gun, and hallooing after his hounds, shooting his hare with tolerable skill and remarkable good luck; and at the ringing of the bell, hurry back to the parsonage at full gallop, wash his bloody hands in the vestry, put on in great confusion his gown, his surplice, the hundred appendages of his levitical attire, and ascend to the altar, as venerable to the eyes of his flock, as holy and infallible as ever he was. Such is the Sabbath in the country; and, as the people see no fault, and mean no harm in it, while we grieve at such a state of things, we have only the sad consolation that it has always been so, and that without a decisive subversion of all ideas and manners, there is little hope that it ever will be otherwise.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

A plain, solemn and impartial statement of facts and circumstances, with remarks resulting from long experience, and some reading and observation, submitted for the consideration and improvement of fellow travellers to eternity, by an aged Minister of the Gospel.

The present state of religion in the community continues to be unpleasant and artificial. Divisions, controversies and alienations still exert an unhappy and pernicious influence, and strongly indicate the continued prevalence of an unhallowed, worldly spirit. Dividing influences are kept alive, inducing even multitudes to regard human authorities and the peculiarities of a sect, more than the teachings and example of Christ and his Apostles. These influences have been highly injurious to individual character and to Christian intercourse, and they have paralized the good feelings and disturbed the religious harmony, which formerly subsisted, and which ought to pervade and cement the churches, throughout our favored land. They have indeed been sensibly felt, and deeply lamented, not only in the Presbyterian church, and in communities of the Congregational order, but in all denominations through the country, and more or less in every Christian Society. In this inauspicious and sad state of things in this land of our pilgrim fathers, there are great numbers who keep themselves away from the word and throne of God. What multitudes in the great community, are regardless of the only standard of faith and practice, on which we can safely rely? Even the holy Bible in regard to many, seems to be consulted, if consulted at all, for secondary and secular purposes. In a word, it is solemnly apprehended, that the sacred volume, is in many instances, employed to afford support to doctrines already embraced, without its authority, and to give currency to sentiments and opinions, drawn from other sources. Hence some and even many in their observation and course are assuming, dictatorial and exclusive, and seem to have made it their aim to control the views and conduct of those, who would prefer a milder administration, and a more pacific and conciliatory course. On the other hand, there are those, who are found involving themselves and others in wild, visionary and unwarranted speculations, breaking into the indefinite enclosures of German divinity, and treating with disregard the writings of the fathers, and withholding due veneration from the word and ordinances of our fathers' God. Persons of this character, whether few or many, and of whatever profession or rank, are causing the ground of Christian evidence, Christian doctrine, and Christian morality to tremble under their feet, and are giving the enemy occasion to blaspheme. There is another class, and that not small, who are willing to be taught the things of eternal moment, and are heard to express desires, to know and embrace the great doctrines of revelation. But their regard to their spiritual interests, has no presiding and permanent influence, and their desires of a religious character, are languid and intermittent. Thus the world is gaining the ascendant over their good feelings and resolutions, and keeping them away from the chief good. They perhaps have seldom heard and never relished plain, direct and pungent preaching, and are not duly apprised of its importance. From what they read and hear, and from what may be drawn from their scheme and course of life, they can have no prevailing wish to experience and manifest a deep and absorbing interest, in spiritual concerns. And they may have been led to attach moral evil and even spiritual danger, to those salutary excitements and strong and healthy convictions, which would make them sensible of their solemn obligations and high responsibleness to their Maker and Judge, and which would lead them to feel that they are sinners, and need forgiveness. By rightly improving such excitements, and carrying out such convictions, they would however have a lively and affecting persuasion, that without repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, attended and sanctioned by the spirit of love and obedience, they cannot see and enjoy the kingdom of heaven.

I hope the state of the churches and of religious society in general, is better than I have been led to apprehend, and better than what I have intimated, and set forth. But, if I mistake not, great numbers in the community are not fully aware of their moral condition and spiritual wants in the view of heaven, nor are they duly sensible of what they really need, and what they must secure and make their own, in order to enjoy peace of mind, and sustaining hope of life eternal. They appear not to have acquired just ideas of the spirituality of the Gospel, nor of the pure and spiritual affections and services, which the Gospel requires. They seem to have no adequate notions of the guilt and danger attending a state of impenitence and sin, nor have they perhaps been faithfully, earnestly, and prayerfully admonished, and urged to seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and to embrace and adopt the Christian religion, as '*the one thing needful.*'

In looking over the churches and congregations with which in time past I have been connected, as pastor and teacher, and surveying with the eye of recollection the churches and societies, where I occasionally bestowed my labors in the early part of my ministry, many tender and affecting thoughts and reflections occur. A vast majority of those to whom I then ministered, are numbered with the dead, and their characters are sealed up to the judgment of the great day. And those who still survive, are near the confines of two worlds. And may it not be justly apprehended, that a large proportion of those still among the living, and of the descendants of those departed, have neglected to make God their portion, and are spending their days without preparation for a higher and happier state of being? And is it not a fact, that many, and even multitudes, are indifferent and heedless in regard to the high concerns of eternity, and are unwilling to seek instructions, which are adapted to excite the fears and disturb the consciences of the worldly minded and impenitent? God is my witness, that I am anxious to awaken in such, thought and reflection, and to bring them to the great question of salvation. I wish all, over whom I have influence, to consider and bear in mind the uncertainty of life, the importance of religion, the infinite value of the soul, and the constant approach of eternity. Religion being a personal concern, and every one being responsible to the Judge of all, it is of the highest importance, that each one should seek first and above all other objects and interests, the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and lay up treasures in heaven. It is true, and I lament the fact, that many in the Christian community have been unkindly treated, and have been denounced and condemned as outcasts, by a large class of professing Christians, who ought to have acted a very different part, treating them with tenderness and charity. The dominant party, ought to have exemplified towards them, the pacific and the benevolent spirit of the Gospel, and pointed out to them, as far as in their power, the right ways of the Lord. Instead of dealing out severe and bitter denunciations, they ought to have endeavored to convince them of sin, of righteousness and of judgment; and to manifest concern and solicitude for them as fellow travellers to eternity, striving to bring them to the knowledge of the truth and lead them to the fold of which Christ is the shepherd. But to the injury of vital religion and to the grief of many pious souls, the dominant party pursued a very different course. They uttered severe denunciations, and manifested an unhallowed and exclusive spirit, denying even the name of *Christian* to those who differed from them. The peace of many churches and congregations was thus disturbed. A respectable portion of the Christian community found it necessary to act in self defence. Witnessing, as they did, an overbearing and exclusive spirit, and finding, as they did, that their real sentiments were misrepresented, and their characters aspersed, they felt themselves deeply injured, and were constrained to put in requisition the lawful means of resistance within their reach. Multitudes in consequence of this unhappy state, lost all relish for the plain and leading doctrines of the Gospel, and became indifferent to religion in all its forms. They became more reckless than before, unmindful of the God who made them, and regardless of their eternity. Vast numbers, it is apprehended, continue to nelgect their spiritual interests, and are to this day, casting off fear and restraining prayer before God. And this may be the case of some whom I now address, and who read these pages.

Taking into view the various aspects of the Christian community, is it not too manifest to be questioned, and too lamentable not to be deeply regretted, that so few closets witness the retired and ardent devotions of individuals who bear the Christian name, and that so few domestic altars, smoke with the morning and evening sacrifice? What multitudes wantonly disregard the warnings and admonitions of God's word and providence, and neglect from month to month, and even from year to year, the great work of salvation? And although remonstrances and entreaties are urged upon them, and they receive line upon line, and precept upon precept, they continue to make light of sacred things, and are really wasting time and means, upon the vanities of the world. And yet many of them profess to rely upon the redemption and sacrifice of that Savior, whom they have ungratefully rejected, and to calculate and depend upon that mercy, which they have long despised. To the infinite hazard of their souls, they are trusting, it seems, to the uncertain efficacy and results of a death-bed repentance. God forbid that they should be thus deceived to their ruin, and fatally slumber over the vast concerns of the eternal world. And is it not desirable and important, that any thus pursuing the broad road that leads to death, should be awakened to thought and religion, inquiry and repentance? Let none wonder then, that I am anxious to call up their attention, to the things which belong to their peace, before they be forever hidden from their eyes. H.

(To be Continued.)

EDUCATION IN SOUTH AMERICA.

It is pleasant to find that efforts are making in South America to elevate the female character by establishing schools for girls, and giving them the advantages of education.

Mr Wheelright, a gentleman from Massachusetts, went to South America about five years since, as an agent of the American Bible Society. He established a school for girls, in which he used the Spanish New Testament. The priesthood became alarmed lest the knowledge of the Bible among the people should lessen *their* influence, and raised a charge against Mr Wheelwright of attempting to make proselytes to Protestantism. Nicolas, Bishop of Quito, addressed a note to one of the chief officers of government, in which their charges were preferred against Mr W., and another stating that he had circulated certain Tracts of fictitious narrative, one entitled 'The Swiss Village Woman,' and the other the 'Dairyman's Daughter,' which led to the capital errors of Protestantism.

The Minister of the Interior, to whom this letter was addressed, decided that there was not sufficient reason for the process against Mr Wheelwright, and ordered it to be dropped, at the same time directing that he should cease from the distribution of the Bible and Tracts.

Many leading men in the community, and many mothers of the children he had instructed, treated Mr Wheelwright with the most distinguished kindness, but he still encounters bitter persecution from the clergy. His school at the date of October 10th, contained 200 male and 100 female pupils; and we may learn in what estimation it is held from the following address, delivered at the close of an examination by President Rocafuerte.—*Southern Churchman.*

'For their progress in intelligence and merit, the fair sex are much indebted to the very worthy and virtuous Mr Wheelwright; and I take the more pleasure in thus publicly rendering him my cordial thanks for the important services which he has rendered to Ecuador, inasmuch as he has been the victim of persecution, prompted perhaps by an indiscreet zeal, which, although originating in good intentions, is the result of blind fanaticism, which liberal institutions repel. In every epoch, knowledge and virtue have been assailed by the shafts of envy, ignorance, and superstition. Socrates was persecuted and condemned to death by the ignorant and fanatical of the Athenians; the first Christians were put in chains by the satellites of imperial tyranny; and Gallileo was imprisoned by order of the Inquisitors of Rome. But it is a source of consolation that virtue triumphs at last, and is the more resplendent for the ordeal of persecution through which it has passed. Such is the case of Mr Wheelwright. Art. 107 of the Constitution, and the law of 22d August, 1821, afford guarantees to all strangers who may come among us, of whatever nation or sect they may be; and provided they respect our usages and customs, it matters little, in a legal sense, whether they are Jews, Turks, Chinese, or Egyptians. The Executive, faithful to the observance of the laws, will do justice to all; will know how to preserve Christianity in its purity; will render the most profound homage to the evangelical virtues of the worthy ministers of the altar; but will also possess sufficient firmness and energy to express and punish the mad attempts of hypocrisy, ambition and avarice, cloaked under the sacred mantle of religion. It belongs exclusively to the civil authority to superintend the education of youth; and the government, to fulfil a duty of so much importance, has confided the general direction of the schools to an enlightened jurist, who, with the purest sentiments of religion and long experience, unites all the intelligence and learning of the day. The mothers, with that exquisite sensibility which belong to their sex—with that instinctive delicacy which is unknown to many of our literati, have shown the lively interest which they take in the education of their daughters, and have known how to appreciate the merit of the instruction and the instructor. They have addressed an application to the government, requesting it to sustain and protect this most useful establishment, and their wishes will be complied with. The education of the fair sex, notwithstanding the obstacles which may be thrown in its way, will advance with the noble, majestic march of the age in which we live.'

For the Register and Observer.

STANZAS SPECIALLY ADAPTED TO MUSIC. No. 11.

Tune, Bethesda, or Haddam.

Hope.

Hope brings a lenient balm
For all corroding care;
She bids our fears be calm,
Our cloudy prospects fair;
Her voice can soothe
Our mental strife;
Each path of life
Her hand can smooth.

The prisoner's lonely call
Her footsteps never shun;
With him she deigns to dwell,
Who never sees the sun.
The slave, oppressed
With toils and chains,
And cruel pains,
By her is blessed.

In scenes of sickness oft
Her ministry is known;
In slumbers calm and soft
Her gentle power is shown.
When none can save—
When death is near,
Her light can cheer
The gloomy grave.

O thou who reign'st above,
When all things earthly fail,
Thy messenger of love,
Celestial Hope we hail.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Our heart sustains;
Our cheerful strains
Thy love record. S. W.

No. 12.

Tune, Missionary Hymn.

The Power of Faith.

Faith with illumined vision,
The dawning future views;
Unmoved by vain derision,
Her high career pursues.
Her widening ken embraces
A field of ample scope,
And many a landscape traces
In colors bright with hope.

What, though with clouds surrounded?
Her light is cheering still;
Her hopes are ne'er confounded
By momentary ill:
The darkest clouds are often
Dispersed in transient showers;
And night our pains may soften
By her mysterious powers:

So may our high probation,
Some mingled griefs require;
And fleeting tribulation
A stronger faith inspire.
In Providence omniscient,
That over all presides,
And goodness all efficient,
The filical heart confides. S. W.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

DR CHEYNE.

The advantage of a sober and religious life experimentally displayed in the celebrated Dr Cheyne's account of himself.

He was born of virtuous and healthy parents, and during his youth he resided in the country and was studious, temperate and healthy—at the age of twenty five, he took up his residence in London; and soon wholly changed his mode of living. 'I found (he says) the bottle companions, the young gentry and free livers to be easy of access, and most susceptible of friendship: nothing being necessary for that purpose but to eat lustily and swallow much strong liquor, I was induced to continue this course; but by constant dining and supping in taverns and with my new acquaintance, my health was greatly injured in a few years. I became very fat and bloated, lethargic, and listless.' He then gives an account of a violent fever he had; and afterwards proceeds as follows—'I now left off suppers of all kinds, and at dinner eat less than formerly, and drank very sparingly of any fermented liquors; well knowing that diseases must be cured by their contraries. Then all my bouncing, protesting, jovial companions left me. They could not relish my abstemious living, nor bear my weakness—they deserted me, and I had only my melancholy apprehensions and remorse. I soon retired into the country, almost in a state of solitude; being like Cardinal Wolsey when he said, "had I served my Maker as faithfully as I have my Prince, he would not have forsaken me in my hour of distress." And so will every one find when friendship and communion are not founded on solid virtue, and in conformity to the divine order and precepts.'

'While I was thus forsaken by my holiday friends, and my body was, as it were, melting away like a snowball in Summer, being dejected, melancholy, much confined at home, by a course of mineral medicines, and country retirement, I had a long season for meditation and reflection, (my faculties being then as clear and quick as ever) which I was the more readily led into, that I concluded myself infallibly entering into an unknown state of things. Having had a liberal and regular education, with instruction and example of pious parents (who at first had designed me for the Church) I had preserved a firm persuasion of the great and fundamental principles of all virtue and morality; viz. The existence of a supreme and infinitely perfect being, the freedom of the will, the immortality of the spirits of all intelligent beings, and the certainty of future rewards or punishments. These doctrines I had examined carefully and had been confirmed in, from abstracted reasonings, as well as from the best natural philosophy, and some clearer knowledge of the material system of the World in general, and the wisdom, fitness, and beautiful contrivance of particular things, animated and inanimated; so that the truth and necessity of these principles was so riveted in me (which may be seen by the first edition of my Philosophical Principles, published some years before that happened) as never after to be shaken in all my wanderings and follies: and I had then the consolation to reflect, that in my loosest days, I had never pimped to the vices or infidelity of any, but was always a determined adversary to both. But I found that these alone were not sufficient to quiet my mind at that juncture, especially when I began to consider seriously, whether I might not (through carelessness and self-sufficiency, voluptuousness and love of sensuality, which might have impaired my spiritual nature) have neglected to examine with sufficient care; if there might not be more required of those who had had proper opportunities and leisure; if there might not, I say, be higher, more noble, and more enlightening principles revealed to mankind some where; and if there were not more encouraging and enlivening motives proposed, to form a more extensive and heroic virtue upon, than those arising from natural religion only (for then I had gone little farther than to have taken Christianity and Revelation on trust;) and lastly, if there were not likewise some clearer accounts discoverable of that state I was then (I thought) apparently going into, than could be obtained from the mere light of nature and philosophy. Such were my reflections, in this my melancholy retirement; and this led me to call to mind, which of all my numerous and various acquaintances I could wish to resemble most, now in these my (to me seemingly approaching) last moments; and who among all those of my particular acquaintances, was he, who being of sound natural, and duly cultivated parts, had most strictly and constantly lived up to their convictions under the commonly received principles, and plain consequences of Christianity: In a word, who it was I could remember to have received, and lived up to the plain truths and precepts contained in the Gospels, or more particularly in our Savior's sermon on the Mount. At that time, among many whom my memory suggested to me, I fixed on one, a worthy and learned Clergyman of the Church of England, sufficiently known and distinguished in the philosophical and theological world; and as in studying mathematics, and in running over (as I was able) Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophical works, I had always picked out and marked down, the authors and writings mostly used and recommended by those others and by him, because I thought they could best judge of such; so in this case the more quickly to settle my mind and quiet my conscience, I resolved to purchase, study and examine carefully, such spiritual and doctrinal authors, as I knew this venerable man did most approve and delight in. In this manner I collected a set of religious books and writers, of most of the first ages since Christianity, recommended by him, with a few others of the most spiritual of the moderns which have been my study, delight and entertainment, in my retirements ever since: and on these I have formed my ideas, principles, and sentiments; so as under all the varieties of opinions, sects, disputes, and controversies, that of late, and since the earliest ages, have been canvassed and bandied in the world, I have scarce ever since been the least shaken, or tempted to change my sentiments or opinions, or so much as to hesitate in any material point. This tedious, perhaps impertinent circumstance I mention, because the fright, anxiety, dread, and terror, which, in minds of such a turn as mine (especially under a broken and cathectic constitution, and in so atrocious a nervous case) arises, or at least is exasperated by such reflections, being once settled and quieted. That after becomes an excellent cordial, and a constant source of peace, tranquillity, and cheerfulness, and so greatly contributes to forward the cure of such nervous diseases: for I never found any sensible tranquillity or amendment, until I came to this firm and settled resolution in the main; viz. To neglect nothing to secure my eternal peace, more than if I had been certified I should die within the day; nor to mind anything that my secular obligations and duties demanded of me, less than if I had been ensured to live fifty years more. This, though with infinite weakness and imperfection, has been my settled intention in the main since.' After relating the progress and cure of his distemper for several pages, he concludes page 363. 'From the most extreme misery I do now enjoy, perfect health, as much activity and cheerfulness, with the full, free and perfect use of my faculties; a facility of study and of going about the business of my profession, and, in short, of every rational function of life, as I was ever capable of in my best days, and indeed of everything worth living for, as a free and rational intelligence. Every thing, I say, except that I cannot eat and drink so highly, so voluptuously as I have formerly; and if I know my heart (which I am sure I do not fully) though I were to be eternal and unaccountable, I should live (at least wish to live, in the main, and as to diet) as I now do, and would not willingly and deliberately go through the same misery, for the mere gratification of my senses only; no, not to obtain the dominion of our system, and all the glories and pleasures in it. What I may happen to do, God only knows; I am too old I hope to make any new trials and changes in this my bodily regimen. And indeed, to what purpose? being as well as any, and indeed better than most are at my time of day; And therefore with God's Grace, if my health, senses, and love of virtue continue with me the same, I shall I hope, go on in the method now described, and live, and I hope die, in continual gratitude to the best of beings, who, by an over-ruling Providence, and as it were by mere casual hints, far beyond the reach of my penetration, has irresistibly (as I should almost say, if I felt not my own liberty) directed the great steps of my life and health hitherto.

Misericordias Domini in æternum cantabo.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

MRS SARAH SMITH. Æt 100 YEARS.

Mr. Editor,—You may perhaps remember, that a short time since you published a short account of an interesting ceremony, on the occurrence of the Hundredth Birth-day of an old lady, Mrs. Sarah Smith, in our village. It was published in your paper, dated Oct. 6th, 1838. I have thought that it would be interesting to your readers, who might remember that notice, to read some particulars of her death and character. She died last Friday afternoon, Feb. 1st, being 100 years five months and nine days old. It was the hope of all her friends, that she might be permitted to drop away quietly and at ease, but it was otherwise ordained, and she was called to endure great pains during the last few weeks of her life. She was buried on the following Tuesday. It was an uncommonly cold, bleak day, so that of her relations, there were present only two grandchildren, a young man and his sister, who reside in the village; but many were present at the church when the funeral services were performed.

It is an unusual occurrence for one to arrive at such an age. As far as we can learn, none have ever lived to the advanced age in our town, though many have died over ninety years old. But what rendered this instance peculiarly interesting, and more so to her immediate friends, were the remarkable clearness of her mind and strength of her memory when she was above an hundred, and more especially her Christian faith, and patience, her gratitude and cheerfulness. And also I should say, for the unwearied attention of those, under whose care she has been placed during the few past years of her life. It has been my privilege, for such I esteem it, to have become acquainted with her, and, from my relation as her pastor, frequently to visit her. When I first became acquainted with her, two years since, she was able to sit up and move about in her room, but of late, since her last birth day, she has been chiefly confined to her bed. About the time I first knew her, her sight failed so far as to prevent her reading. This she esteemed a very great loss, for 'the Book of books' was the fountain of her life, the source of her strength and consolation. However she had laid up its treasures, and was enabled to soothe her spirit, and cheer her solitary hours with the remembrance of its holy truths and promises. She was somewhat deaf, though she found no difficulty in understanding those, to whose voices she was accustomed. On the Sabbath, it was her practice, before she lost her sight, and while unable to attend church; to ask for the texts of the sermon, to look them out in the Bible, and then listen to hear what the sermons were, as far as the persons, with whom she lived, could remember to tell her. She often sighed for the house of God, and esteemed it a great privilege, whenever the pastor called upon her; she would always request him to make a prayer with her, 'for it was the only time that she could hear his voice, and it did her good.' She was remarkable for her interest and sympathy in the aged, the sick, and the young—in all of the village; she used to make particular inquiries after the sick, and was able to remember all the deaths in the village for a considerable time past. Her memory was very retentive, until a few weeks before her death. She was able to go back, I believe, more than ninety years. Though she was one belonging rather to *generations gone*, she did not seem to dwell in the past and forget the present, she was as much interested in passing occurrences as any others around her.

When persons visited her, they could not but notice, and speak of, her sympathy, gratitude, patience, cheerfulness, humility and faith. Her faith in God through Christ never wavered. Her trust in a kind Providence was never weakened, but rather increased, as she had tasted and found daily that 'the Lord was good;' that 'He did not forsake her, when her strength failed.' In her humility, she would often exclaim, 'the Lord hath done more, much more than I deserve; I know not why He has been so good and merciful.' There was generally a cheerfulness in her manners, and sometimes a little humor and pleasantry in her conversation. She once expressed to me the desire to hear the birds sing; for 'she remembered' she said, 'how they used to sing, and they made her glad.'—There was no moroseness, no querulous complaining in her. She was pleased to have children for a little while in her room; their noise and prattle were *music* to her heart. When asked once, if she was not disturbed by them, 'oh no,' she replied, 'I love to hear them, I love to see them happy.' There was a great deal, especially during the last month, to call forth that essential virtue, patience. It was her heart's desire and prayer to God, 'Thy will, not mine be done.' But her gratitude! oh, that seemed to radiate from her pale, emaciated countenance; many, many times have I seen the tear drop from her eyelids, as she spoke of the goodness of God, of the kindness of her friends, especially of 'the good Samaritan' who had taken her to his dwelling. It was this grateful spirit, which gave such cheerfulness, peace and contentment to her declining days. 'A contented mind is a continual feast,' this expression was oftener upon her lips than any she used to repeat. It seemed as though she dwelt continually on the mercies of a kind Providence, she often spoke of them to her friends, who most frequently visited her. It did many of our hearts good to witness the thankfulness and resignation of her spirit. She never seemed to realize that her example, her conduct and conversation, as she lay almost helpless upon her bed, spoke volumes to the hearts and faith of her Christian friends and visitors. She manifested the power of Chistian faith; she recommended that faith to others. She may truly be ranked among those servants of the Lord, who, having faithfully waited upon Him in his temple, 'bring forth fruit in their old age.' Her life has left a holy savor; she has not lived in vain. Many of us will find the remembrance of her not only pleasing, but edifying. Being dead she yet speaketh.

O. C. E.

Northfield, Mass. Feb. 6, 1839.

QUARTERLY LIST OF ORDINATIONS, &C.

Ordinations	31
Installations	30
DENOMINATIONS.	
Congregational	26
Presbyterian	18
Episcopalian	4
Baptist	6
Unitarian	1
Lutheran	2
German Reformed	1
Dutch Reformed	2
Methodist	1

QUARTERLY LIST OF DEATHS OF CLERGYMEN, &C.

AGES.	
From 20 to 30	1
30 40	2
40 50	3
50 60	1
70 80	1
80 90	1
90 100	1
Not specified	2
DENOMINATIONS.	
Congregational	6
Presbyterian	1
Episcopalian	1
Baptist	2
Unitarian	1
Methodist	1

Quarterly Register.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

RESPECT FOR THE AGED.

Sensibility is never more free from weakness than when manifested in respect for the virtues, and compassion for the failings of old age. Other manifestations of sensibility are often accompanied with coldness of heart and feeling. One will often weep over the pages of a fictitious narrative, who will witness unmoved the severest domestic sorrows. The hero of a romance will receive all the sympathies of many who can pass by the victims of earth's saddest calamities, without stopping to relieve. Many will look with delight upon the smiling face of infancy, and will express in raptures their love for the little one, which will in vain plead for their sympathy, where its face is disfigured by the pains of sickness. The poor bird, wounded by the thoughtless sportman, as he flutters by the window, will cause the tears to start from *her* eye, who can indulge in the bickerings which make home miserable, and can suffer a husband to wander abroad reckless and discontented, to seek in dissipation and ruin a relief from home grief.

Various are the forms in which exquisite sensibility may thus be displayed, indicating not a tender heart but a sickly imagination. But a sympathy with the old and infirm is almost invariably a mark of the tenderest and most considerate heart. The hero of fiction, the smiling infant and the fluttering bird have delightful associations to please the imagination, and they call for no exercise of sympathy which demands either patience or self sacrifice. But the heart which feels respect for the aged can often find in their situation but few of those circumstances, which are so grateful to the taste and imagination, and often must be willing to sacrifice its own pleasure and seek, at times with almost painful industry, means to comfort and cheer the object of its solicitude. But it is willing and glad to bear any disappointment, if only it can accomplish its purpose of mercy. Neither is it always unsuccessful in its endeavors. True we sometimes find in the old a peevishness and fretfulness which no attention can overcome, but such is not always the case. I know a venerable old man who lives in one of our small country towns, who has often excited my surprise by the perfect resignation and submission with which he meets every event. Called lately to part with a dear grand-child, he could control his feelings and comfort the grieving parents, and now he lives, ready to go when his maker calls for him, but seeking while alive by the discharge of many duties to make his life of service to those around him.

And suppose that the old are often forgetful and childish. What then? Because the hand of their Creator is resting upon them and gradually drawing them towards himself, are we to be impatient? We call them forgetful. Perhaps their minds are visiting in anticipation the Heaven to which they are hastening. And if so, well may they forget the present scenes and cares of earth. Or we call them childish, and perhaps they are revisiting the days and joys of child-hood, their minds may be rejoicing anew in the sports and thoughtlessness of youth. They may have become children again, for we all know that the mind, when weak and unobservant of present things, still has a vivid recollection of the past, and shall we wonder and be impatient, because when recalled from their dreams of happiness to a consciousness of their present helplessness, they manifest the disappointment of children?

No one of the many beautiful traits which distinguished that noble man, the late Secretary of the Commonwealth, was more marked or more beautiful than his unvarying respect for the aged. He loved to be with them, to converse with them, to listen to their tales of by-gone times, and by kindness to soothe their sorrows and revive their joys. And when a good Providence in his wisdom saw fit to remove him, many an eye, already dimmed by age, was made more dim.

We who are young can in no way more fitly manifest our gratitude to the Author of our Being, than by seeking uniformly to comfort and gratify the aged. Their time with us is but short. Shall it be made dreary by neglect?

H. H. J.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 16, 1839.

Dr Lamson's centennial discourses, which were recently preached at Dedham, on occasion of the completion of the second century, since the gathering of the first Church in that town, have been published. They contain much interesting and valuable historical matter relating to the affairs of the town and parish, and incidentally, throw light upon the opinions and manners of our fathers, and the ecclesiastical history of New England. We have made a few extracts which will prove interesting to our Readers.

A NEW ENGLAND MEETING HOUSE, TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Mr Lamson states that the original 'company' at Dedham, consisting of thirty families, for a year or two met for worship under one of the large trees which then shaded the plain.

As early as the first of February 1638, a committee was chosen, as it is expressed in the Records, 'to contrive the frame of a meeting house, to be in length thirty-six feet, and twenty feet in breadth, and between the upper and the nether sill in the sides to be twelve feet,' to be erected partly by joint labor of the inhabitants, and partly by rate.

The frame was erected, and a covering of thatch was procured by persons delegated by the town to 'mowe, gather up, and bring it home,' with such assistance 'at the town charge' as might be needed.

Though the building was now soon in a state to be occupied, it was not completed till some years after. Under date, 11th March, 1646, I find a vote of the town ordering that it shall be 'forthwith completely finished,' the reason assigned being, that 'being yet unfinished was not a supply to the congregation.' Some years after this, (4th eleventh month, 1657) the town 'declare that they will have the meeting house lathed upon the studs, and so daubed and whitened over workman like.' The next year notice occurs of a 'new gallery lately set up,' to meet the wants of the growing community. This was twenty years after the house was erected. Still, when we reflect that it covered less ground than our present Vestry, and that the town now, 1658, numbered 166 families, nearly all of which, as we have a right to infer from the religious habits of the day, were fully represented at public worship, we are somewhat at a loss to imagine how the whole congregation could have been accommodated.

The following shows that *Boys*, even in the sober days of our forefathers, were, as they 'will be, Boys.'

The seating of persons in the meeting house, at this period, and down to the time, when pews were erected, occasioned no little perplexity. Votes of the town are constantly occurring on the subject, sometimes referring the matter to the Selectmen, and sometimes to a committee chosen for the purpose, and sometimes to the Elders and Deacons. But the arrangement never proved satisfactory; some were constantly murmuring; and the boys being seated together, it could not but happen, that while the preacher was handling some nice point of doctrine, or dilating on some weighty text after the fashion of the day, the buoyant spirits of early life would sometimes display themselves in a manner, if not to disconcert the gravity of the more serious minded hearer, at least, not altogether consistent with the decorum belonging to the place.

A NEW ENGLAND MEETING HOUSE ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Here stood the old Church, with its double row of galleries, a raised Platform with seats along the North and South walls, the floor also occupied with seats, two or three pews only being erected at the sides. A cupola, or rude turret, written in the record, *terril*, rose from the centre, surmounted, not by a high steeple, but by a short pole, or staff, as it appeared to the eye, serving merely to support a vane. The bell was rung by a person standing in the body seats in the centeral part of the house below. There was no ceiling above, nor were the sides plastered, and the whole interior appeared thickly studded with spars.

Four persons occupied the Deacon's seat, there being so many then in office. The remainder of the assembly took the places assigned them by the Parochial authorities. The Psalm from the Old New England Version was sung after the manner of the day, one of the Deacons leading.

Mr Lamson's reflections at the close of his Discourses, are very eloquent and impressive. We would willingly transcribe the whole of them, but must be content with commending the following brief extract to the serious attention of our Readers.

There have been improvements, no doubt, during the century. In all outward accommodations and appliances, in the multiplied sources of physical comfort and enjoyment, unquestionably there has been progress. Whether in intellectual and moral worth we are superior to those who have gone before us, is a question before we attempt to answer which, we should ponder deeply, and pause, and ponder again. In our disposition to eulogize the new, we must not allow ourselves to speak too contemptuously of the old. There have lived before our times men, who were neither dwarfs in intellect, nor puny of heart. Their wisdom, if we may judge from its beautiful results, was not of foolishness, nor their philosophy mere empyricism. And surely, their religion was something better than a narrow superstition. Possibly in the hot bed of modern society some weeds of luxuriant growth may shoot up, which a deep reverence and study of the past would help to eradicate. Indiscriminately to admire the old, or the new, is no proof of a sound mind, or of superior discernment. We should cull from both what is good, and cast the bad away, sedulously guarding against self adulation and an extravagant estimate of ourselves, or of our age, as the bane of all improvement.

THE IDEA OF GOD IN THE MINDS OF CHILDREN.

The Federal Street Church was early crowded on Sunday evening last, by a highly respectable audience, assembled to hear Dr Walker's sermon on the above-named subject.

Being unable to attend, we are happy to furnish an abstract of the discourse through the medium of the subjoined communication.

LETTERS ON SUNDAY SCHOOLS. NO. 4.

[To a Teacher in the Country.]

Boston, February 11th, 1839.

Dear Friend;—your note, which I received on Saturday morning, excited many painful emotions. It is only another proof that we live in a world of trial and disappointment. You are sick, you say, and cannot attend the Introductory lecture of the Sunday School course. I am glad to find, however, that your feelings on the occasion are such as they should be. While, as you remark, you are thus deprived of the pleasure of learning from one so able to teach, what is 'the idea of God in the minds of children,' you are placed in a condition to reflect the more seriously, on the idea of God in your own mind. Treasure up these reflections, my friend,—and in the mean time I will endeavor to comply with your request, and sketch for your gratification a meagre outline—for it is all that I can do from recollection—of the lecture as delivered by Dr. Walker.

As I entered the church on that evening I was more impressed than ever with the effect of certain orders of architecture in creating or exciting the deeper emotions of the soul. As I passed in, my eyes were insensibly drawn upward, and as they glanced from pillar to pillar and from arch to arch, and from these to the tables of the law on either side of the sacred desk, and to the window deeply and appropriately curtained, behind it,—their gothic forms all pointing upward, fastened upon my senses, and my heart seemed at once to be in unison with the purposes of the place. Combined with these, were the majestic notes of the deep-toned organ, and the thousand forms that were thronging to fill every seat in eager expectation of the services that were to follow. These social and devotional feelings united threw a charm over the scene, that was well calculated to prepare the mind to drink in the great truths which the occasion seemed to promise.

You know the manner and style of the speaker, my friend, and it is therefore unnecessary for me to describe them. Your imagination will afford you more aid than any words of mine. His sharp, though at times, somewhat husky voice, swelling, as the speaker advances and feels more and more of his subject, until it rises with those energetic and impassioned tones that move the very soul;—his close, logical and powerful reasoning,—drawing the line with great vigor and precision that separates the true from the false,—and unfolding step by step the theme upon which he dilates, until you are in complete possession of the truth that warms and guides himself,—these will come up before you in all their vividness, at the very mention of the lecturer's name.

His text was taken from the prophet Jeremiah: 'And they shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord.'

The subject of his discourse or lecture, 'The idea of God in the minds of children.' He began with stating very concisely the different theories on the subject of the origin of the idea of God as it is found in every human mind; and without attempting to treat the subject metaphysically, he assumed, that come from whence it might, there was an idea of this kind,—whether from the arrangements of nature without, as contended for by some,—or from physical instincts from within,—or by the means of tradition and education, as maintained by others,—in the minds of all children.

The nature of this idea in his view, was derived from the parental relation. The little prayer, the simple hymn, the passages of scripture selected for their infant minds, all served to form within them the idea of God as a *Father*. Their general idea of this Being then was, that of a venerable old man, seated above or on the clouds, overlooking, caring for, rewarding or condemning the great family of children below.

Starting from this point, the first questions that offer themelves on this subject, are these,—Is this idea of God a *sufficient* one? and is it a *true* one? These questions were answered in the affirmative. And I wish, my friend, you could have been present to have heard and enjoyed as you must, the fine train of remark with which he entered on these two points. In the first place his idea was, that the minds of children are not to be judged of from our own, or any adult mind. In the crudest form, the supposed idea of God was sufficient to lift up their little minds to the highest acts of religious worship of which they were capable;—sufficient to control their actions when out of the sight of their earthly parents; and to comfort them in sorrow and the hour of death.

But it might be asked in this stage of the enquiry, is it a *true* idea?—If, by a true idea, the speaker went on to say, was meant a *perfect* one, it was not so. But whose idea of God was perfect? Neither a Newton's or an archangel's. But it was as true for the mind of a child, as the more perfect conception was for the wisest of adults. These, with their necessary adjuncts, corrollaries, and qualifications, formed the first portion, so far as I can recal it, of this invaluable discourse.

The speaker then proceeded to state his views of the practical uses which were to be made of these principles by parents and Sunday School teachers. He thought there were two errors prevailing on this subject,—those of *over doing* and *under-doing*,—or the teaching of too much or too little in relation to this fundamental truth in religion. One portion of the community,—were averse to the religious teaching of the young, because it would bias their minds before they were capable of forming an opinion for themselves. This position he refuted with great ability. If the good seed was not sown, the enemy would certainly come in, and fill the garden with tares. Circumstances, and education of various kinds were biassing their minds continually for good or for evil; and it behoved parents to see to it that they performed their part in giving them a right direction. He admitted indeed that, *if* the mind stood still, its primitive idea of God would be sufficient. But as it did not stand still in other respects, if it were permitted to do so in this, it would soon outgrow its idea of God, and leave the mind sceptical; or its idea of them so puerile as to be wholly inadequate to its wants.

On the other hand the speaker maintained that it would not answer—to *over-do* in this matter. The child *was* capable, and was *only* capable of taking *one* step at a time. If the attempt therefore was made to learn it, the second, before the first,—or to take two or twenty steps at once, the child would soon become wearied, surprised, or perhaps disgusted with all religious teaching. The true mode therefore, was, to refine upon the primitive idea—to enlarge upon and qualify it in exact proportion as the mind advanced in other respects,—but never to advance faster than the child was prepared, and never attempt to uproot the original idea itself, that a better, or a supposed better one, might be placed in its stead.

The peroration was a simple but strong appeal to, parents and Sunday School teachers that they might feel the responsibility of their vocations in connexion with the rising generations; inasmuch as religion was the only sure foundation for the liberties of the people, or the happiness of individuals,—and little or no expectation was to be formed that our public schools would ever give that portion of instruction which was now devolved upon parents at their homes or teachers at their Sunday Schools. It was they alone upon whom we could rely for bringing about the fulfilment of the prophecy, when 'they shall teach no more every man his neighbor and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for they shall all know me, from the least of them to the greatest of them, saith the Lord.'

This, my friend is a brief and very imperfect sketch of a lecture which occupied nearly an hour in its delivery. The subject, you perceive, was not one to call into requisition the highest reach of the lecturer's powers; but it was one admirably adapted and treated for the improvement of the Sunday School teacher; and nothing was wanting but a few of those natural and pertinent illustrations which have become so familiar and necessary to those in our vocation.

I hope you may be able to hear the next lecture in succession, on Sunday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Thompson of Salem, on the cultivation of the moral and religious affections.

Adieu. * * *

CHEERING.

A friend who had just returned from New York informs us that the places of worship which are severally occupied by the congregations of Rev. Mr Dewey and Mr Bellows are crowded. There have been numerous accessions to both parishes. The Church, which is in process of erection on Broadway, for Mr Dewey's Society, is designed to be one of the most splendid in the United States.

We heartily congratulate our friends in New York on account of their animating prospects and commendable zeal, and sincerely hope that the best fruits of our holy faith may abundantly adorn and enrich their highly important and conspicuous sphere.

To the Editor of the Christian Register.

After reading your favorable notice of our juvenile tracts a few weeks since, it gave me great pleasure to send the pupils of your Sabbath School a parcel of those little publications as a new year's present from the children under my charge. I regarded it as a slight return of your kindness, and doubted not that it would be received as a token of sympathy and good will.

Early last week I was surprised and gratified by the receipt of the following letter.

To the pupils of the Warren street chapel.

Dear Friends,—Please accept our warmest thanks for the new year's present which you were so kind as to send us. We return you our most affectionate wishes, and we earnestly hope that such an exchange of sympathy may have a favorable influence upon the growth of Christian love in both schools.

Believing the circulation of such tracts as that which you have sent us to be a useful and excellent enterprize, we beg your acceptance of the trifling sum which we are enabled to offer in aid of your publishing fund.

Your friends &c.

The letter was signed by a committee of the pupils of the Hancock Sunday School; and enclosed the sum of $14,30.

Both the reply and the gift shall never be forgotten.

C. F. B.

Feb, 11, 1339.

The 2d Lecture before the S. S. Society, will be delivered by Rev. Mr Thompson, of Salem, at Federal Street Church. Subject: 'Piety in Children.'

Sunday in Italy, on our last page, is from an article in the last Examiner.

The letter published below contains statements of facts which seem to us very extraordinary, and almost beyond credence. We should hope, for the credit of human nature, to say the least, if not of professing Christians of different sentiments from our own, that the writer labors under a mistake. The assertions are made very confidently however, and authorities are given. The matter ought to be inquired into, and if such wrongs have been perpetrated, as our correspondent suggests, their authors should be exposed.

The writer of this letter and of one in our last upon the same subject, dated New Orleans, has labored with great zeal and many sacrifices for the good of seamen. His feelings are very ardent; and no doubt his soul has been stung by his large and frequent experience of the apathy, opposition and abuse of professing Christians, to whom the moral welfare of our Mariners ought to be dear.

For one, we deeply feel the force of his earnest appeals in behalf of the myriads of sailors who congregate at New Orleans, and who have

assigned to them as he asserts, only *one* small hall for worship and one religious Teacher, in all that vast metropolis of the south west.

[Correspondence of the Register.]

Mobile, Jan. 19th, 1839.

Dear Sir,—I presume ere this you have received a letter written at New Orleans, last Sunday, touching the Bethel cause. Since then I have made considerable enquiry, to ascertain the *cause* of the indifference to the Bethel enterprise in that great city; for I was persuaded there must have been something to produce these effects, besides what I have already stated, and I am grieved to be obliged to state the true facts in this case; but being assured of their truth by our brother and friend Rev. T. Clapp, and others in New Orleans, I hasten to inform you, lest a wrong impression be given by my letter; i. e. lest the people in N. C. should be regarded as a cold-hearted and irreligious class; because it is not true; for they have done much, they have given thousands after thousands of dollars for a Bethel Church, but those who have had the management of these funds have squandered them away, as often as given. I am assured by our friend T. C. that he made great exertions a few years since, in conjunction with his parishioners, and others, and the handsome sum of $12 000 was obtained for a Seamen's church; this fund, however, fell into the hands of those who can do nothing for Christ, unless it is likely to aggrandize their party purposes, and benefit their sect; and thus the money went to the four winds of heaven or somewhere else; no one knows where, to this day. No church has been erected; or is likely to be, notwithstanding that party, have been raising money every year since, for a Bethel in N. O. and very likely will continue so to do for years to come, unless some measures are taken to expose this nefarious religious swindling, for it deserves no better name. The merchants and citizens of N. O. are both ready and willing to help the Bethel enterprise; but they will not be so egregiously imposed on, and misrepresented as they have been by those who have pretended to labor there for Seamen. The preacher, who has been sent there for the last two years has made himself obnoxious to all liberal men; he is not the man for N. O. I wish brother Taylor of Boston could be permitted to pass a few weeks there, under the full confidence of the American Unitarian Association who would deputize him to act in their name toward preparing the way for a Bethel church, on the plan of that in Boston, discarding sectarianism. I have no doubt the people in N. O. would raise money to the amount of $10.000 immediately; for the merchants are liberal, if properly treated; they are of like passions with Bostonians, and are accessible in the same way. Only let proper efforts be made, by proper authority, and you will find the Southern people are not the wicked men which some call them.

My mind is grieved at what I see and hear; the recklessness of party influence and party religion. It destroys piety, subverts the very life of godliness in the soul, and creates all the evil fruits, styled by Paul, 'fruits of the flesh.' I oppose this spirit; I utterly abhor it. I could tell some strange things, for delicate ears, but such things are too common to need relating. They have been exposed by others, by our late brother Whitman, in his Letters on Religious Liberty, as well as by others; and I wonder these things do not create more sympathy and interest among liberal Christians for each other. I have seen and felt this want for many years.

Now, one word about the Bethel in Mobile. The reasons for my entering on this good work I have published to the world, a copy being sent you. They are, because no one else seemed to care for Seamen here; and, feeling the truth of God's word, I resolved to do something, and have done it. I have expended my all in devising ways and means for promoting pure religion in this city. I have given away my whole property; and, had I been of a different constitution of mind, could have made money by submitting to party discipline. This I could not do; therefore, all my plans, purposes and hopes have been opposed, and I am left to stand alone and labor alone, until my means are exhausted; and finding the state of things as they are in N. O. and the chilling party feelings of the professedly religious here, it is clearly not my duty to do anything more for the Bethel. There have been thousands of dollars raised for a Bethel in Mobile, but no one, save those who used the money, can tell any thing about it. Last year, $1400, was raised, for a church, but no one knows what has become of it; and the money raised for the Bethel the last month, has been appropriated toward furnishing the Presbyterian church! Thus are the people here imposed on and deceived; and such gross dissimulation goes in the name of religion! This it is that has raised my indignation, and caused me to speak so pointedly and plainly; in which I may have erred, but the things which I reprove are too serious to receive mild treatment. As I am not able to support myself in Mobile, I have resolved to settle in Galveston, Texas; and shall emigrate thither early next month; as I believe a door is open for me there. I wish you would send me the Register, and any other papers you have to spare. Yours, &c. H. B. B.

A VENERABLE RELIC.

The Clock which for many years hung in the interior of the 'Old Brick' meeting house, in this city, after various fortunes lately fell into the hands of the Auctioneer. At the time of the sale the Auctioneer actually delivered the following speech, which we have been permitted to publish. We venture to affirm that a more appropriate and witty speech never fell from the lips of any of the most celebrated Orators at *Vendues*.

Here is the relic of the early days of our country's annals, a remnant saved; antique of its kind, and venerable for every association connected with its history;—the old church clock—bearing a mark of patriarchal longevity in the date, that speaks it one hundred and eighteen years of age. Yet, while it has ticked and struck off the thousand and tens of thousands, who have looked on its calm face, into eternity, it is still in good time, and going! going!

Though its existence was begun in the land of Kings, moved by the spirit of our pious fathers it followed them to the land of pilgrims, and was consecrated to serve in the house of God, whom they came hither to worship as the children of his kingdom, and not as spiritual slaves to earthly despotism.

This sober ever-going clock came over in the days of caution and sanity. It came when a *sea voyage* was a serious thing, and *religion* a serious thing, and a *church clock* a serious thing. It counted the moments, while the minister of God was preaching and his hearers listening of Eternity. It echoed his text, 'Take heed how ye hear.' Then was there real clock-work and order in men's minds and principles. Vanity did not then stare this venerable monitor in the face, and study the while how to display its plumage. Avarice did not dare, under its measured 'click,' to be planning in the temple how to lay up goods for many years. Nor was pride then puffed up by the breath of its own nostrils, while this minute hand was showing its duration cut shorter at the beat of every pulse.

Now, who will let this venerable memento of those days be desecrated? Who will not wish to possess himself of it, as a relic of the age of *simplicity* and godly sincerity?

Look at its aged but unwrinkled face. It is calm; for it has not to answer for the sermons it has heard. Look at it, ye degenerate sons of New England! Do ye not seem to see the shade go back on the dial plate to the days of your fathers, and to hear the voices of those aged servants of God, who went from their preaching to their reward?

I would speak more, but the hour is come.—To whom shall it be sold?

LIBERALITY.

We are happy to state that after a Sermon recently Preached in behalf of the Massachusetts Evangelical missionary Society, by Rev. Henry Ware Jr. D. D. at the West Church, in this city—Dr. Lowell's and Mr. Bartol's—the sum of two hundred and twelve dollars was contributed by the congregation.

The day following, a letter was received by Dr. Ware containing one hundred dollars—a donation from a benevolent individual to the same excellent charity.

PREMATURE SEPULTURE.

This is a subject which has often suggested itself to us as worthy of a serious remark. It is, indeed, one of the most awful thoughts that can come over the mind in its hours of musing—the possibility of such a horrible fate as that of being entombed before life is extinct. That such an event has occurred there can be no doubt. That it is at all common, cannot be believed. But we are always affected most painfully when we meet with an instance of hasty interment after supposed death. It seems to us to be highly proper always to retain the body of a friend as long as can with decency be done. Our own experience testifies that the cases are by no means rare in which the most difficult office of the comforter of the bereft, is to remove the sad fancy that perhaps the interred *was not dead!* And, we have no doubt that the same image disturbs many more minds, which never communicate their distress. The subjoined article upon the same subject is from the 'Watchman of the South.'

It is impossible for any one to read a file of newspapers without being struck with the fact of frequent announcements of burials before death. Some of the most thrilling narratives we have ever read were on this subject. Many of these narratives relate to events that occurred in England, where it is customary to keep the body for many days, and often for several weeks. In this country the corpse has scarcely time to be cold, before it is hurried into the grave. Verily, we think good morals no less than common humanity, indicate the propriety of a change on this whole subject. 'Perhaps the most horrible feeling this side of perdition is that which a conscious being has, when, in a swoon, he expects to be taken and buried.' Thus testifies one who knows by experience the agony of that state. Doubtless thousands are buried before they are dead.

OBITUARY.

For the Register and Observer.

Died in this city, Mrs Mary Ann May, wife of Joseph May, Esq. aged 51.

There is something inexpressibly consoling and precious in the memory of the pure, the kind, the useful, the pious, the excellent of the earth. This beloved woman was all this in a much higher measure than usually falls to the human lot. Her's was one of those remarkable and beautiful instances in which in looking back upon her life and character, the severest censor would find it difficult to say what should have been altered; and the mind capable of appreciating what is pure, spiritual, and exalted feels that there is every thing to love and admire.

Mrs May was the daughter of John Atkinson Esq. formerly of New York, a name synonymous with what is upright and honorable. She possessed naturally quick perceptions and a sound understanding. Her character was formed under the best domestic influences and superior advantages of education. Her mind was well cultivated; and the highest sentiment of religious duty prevailed over her whole life and character.

She was married early to the Rev. Samuel Cary, then Assistant Minister in King's Chapel; a man of eminent ability, learning, and moral worth; and capable of appreciating the beautiful qualities of her mind, and the excellence of her character. The fruit of this marriage was a son, who possessed uncommon intellectual powers, but, was by a sad accident made a cripple for life. She was soon admonished by the most alarming symptoms of the insidious approach of that disease, which was to separate her from the friend to whom her heart in all the fullness of youthful affection had been given. She accompanied her sick husband to England. Soon after reaching England 'his hour arrived;' and she was called in a land of strangers to lay his head on its last earthly pillow, and to close those eyes, which in every hour of a lingering disease, spoke the language of the most devoted affection for her. There was a melancholy pleasure in depositing his mortal remains under the eaves of a church consecrated by the apostolic labors of Lindsey; and there was an affecting relief in the tender attentions and sympathies of Belsham, the friend of Price and Priestley, and a man whom her husband most highly esteemed and honored for his service to the great cause of Liberal Christianity.

She returned to her native country to meet new and arduous trials. Her frail and suffering child claimed all her attention. At times the most distressing remedies were resorted to for the purpose of restoring his diseased spine: the applications made were intensely painful; and he was compelled for months to lay without changing his position. But nothing could exceed the patience, the good judgment, and the extraordinary devotedness, with which she gave her time, her care and her heart to his comfort. His infirmities and sufferings and his absolute dependance upon her care and attention rendered their mutual attachment the stronger; and it was a severe trial, when she was compelled to give up this dear and almost exclusive object of her affections. But she bore every thing in the spirit of an elevated Christian philosophy; and struggled to render complete her acquiesance in the will of God.

Ten years ago she entered into the married state, with the excellant man who has now followed the perishable remains of this devoted friend, this exemplary christian woman to her last earthly resting place. She possessed every qualification of temper, manners, and character to render his home delightful; and to comfort and brighten the evening of his advanced age. But God has seen fit to extinguish this beautiful light of his tabernacle; and it remains only for him and the other friends, who loved and honored her, to cherish the precious legacy of her spotless memory. To a singular gentleness and delicacy of manners and character she united the powerful energy of enlightened and deep-rooted principles of duty and piety. These sustained her in all her early trials, and the trials of her last sickness. For years she had looked forward to death with the most painful apprehensions; but by the careful discipline of her mind and the cultivation of the religious affections she had at last attained 'that perfect love which casteth out fear,' and contemplated the approach of death with the calmness of philosophy, and the all sustaining and exalted power of Christian faith and hope. Blessed are the dead, who thus die in the Lord. When life is well spent; when its varied discipline has accomplished the beneficent ends in the character designed by him, who gives life, of what importance it is, when or where it is finished. If death were only what it seems to be to our outward senses, with what liniment could we approach the aching heart of the bereaved; and how could we sustain ourselves under its dreadful attentions? But who will complain of the falling leaf and the decays of autumn, who, after the necessary and refreshing repose of winter has witnessed the resurrections of the spring and seen the whole vegetable world starting into life and glory and beauty, when her quickening voice is heard in the land. When the pure spirit is breaking away from its earthly integuments, and pluming its wings for an immortal flight, who would be so false to friendship and religion as to desire to keep it back from its native heaven? But alas! our nature is weak! May God give us the strength we need. H. C.

INTELLIGENCE.

The Fisheries.—In No. 8 of a series of letters addressed by Gen. H. A. S. Dearborn, of Roxbury, to the Secretary of State of Massachusetts, we find the following statements in regard to the fisheries of Massachusetts.

In 1804, the value of the dried and pickled fish exported from the United States was $3,040,000, but in 1822 only about $900,000, and has averaged since not over $1,000,000, while the domestic demand has so much increased that the quantity consumed of salt and fresh is over $5,000,000.

The tonnage engaged in the fisheries in 1822 was less than 80,000, and now it is nearly double that amount, and in which the hundreds of boats that have been added are not included.

By the very interesting and highly valuable statistical report which you made to the Legislature last February, it appears,—

That there were employed in Massachusetts, in the Cod and Mackerel Fisheries, 1290 sail of vessels, which required 11,146 hands, and that the quantity of fish taken was valued at $3,208, 559.

In the Whale Fishery there were 366 vessels, whose aggregate tonnage was 113,417, and they were navigated by 8,980 men. The oil imported was valued at $4,271,470.

Thus the Fisheries of this State give employment to 1750 sail of vessels, besides many hundreds of boats, and 20,126 men and boys; and the annual value of the products of this extensive and important branch of industry amounts to $7,480,029, which is equal to the income from a capital of more than $124,000,000.

There are 198 vessels, 100 boats, and 1116 men engaged in the fisheries of the district of Gloucester, and the value of the salted and fresh fish, annually taken, is estimated at $140,340.

Harvard University—The adjourned meeting of the Board of Overseers of Harvard University, was held at the Senate Chamber, on Thursday, Hon. Francis C. Gray presiding, in the absence of the Governor, who has been confined to his house several days by indisposition.

The McLean Professorship of Ancient and Modern History was established, by a vote of the board, and Jared Sparks, Esq. was appointed Professor, by an unanimous vote.

James Walker, D. D. of Charlestown, was unanimously appointed Professor of Natural Religion, Moral Philosophy and Civil Polity.

Mr. Barnard Roiker was appointed Instructer in German; Dr. T. F. Harris to be Instructor in Natural History for the present year; Mr. Charles S. Wheeler to be Tutor in Greek and Instructer in History.

The following gentlemen were appointed Proctors: Daniel Samuel Richardson, Horace Morrison, Charles Stearns Wheeler; Nathaniel Holmes, John Taylor Gilman Nichols, Chas T. Russell.

Three reports from Committees for examining, were referred to the Coporation.—*Salem Gaz.*

The Discoverer of Anthracite Coal dead.—Col. Jacob Weiss died on the 9th ultimo, at his residence in Weissport, at Northampton Co. Pa. He was attached to the army of the Revolution until the recognition of our independence. It was through his activity and exertion that the first Lehigh Coal Company was formed in 1792, and he was proprietor of the lands now owned by them, and first discovered the existence of the coal upon them.

Rhode Island License Law.—A law on the subject of licensing the sale of spirits, after a long discussion and various modifications, passed in both Houses on Friday last. The Providence Journal gives the following statement of its provisions.

The law leaves it to the discretion of the Town Councils to grant Licenses, for the sale of quantities less than one quart, to tavern keepers, and taking for such license not less than ten dollars nor over fifty dollars. And also to license suitable persons to sell less than ten gallons, and in their discretion prohibit the sale in quantities less than one quart; taking, therefore, not less than ten or more than forty dollars, two dollars in both cases payable to the State for each license; taking bonds in all cases from the person licensed to comply with the terms of his license.

Upon a violation of the license the Town Councils may declare the license void. The penalty for violation of the law is twenty dollars for each offence, which brings it within the jurisdiction of the Justices of the Peace. Licenses to suitable persons to sell for medicinal purposes and to temperance taverns may be granted free of expense. Once in each year the freemen of each town may direct the town council to grant or not to grant licenses to sell in quantities less than one gallon, and may direct the particular kind of the first mentioned licenses which shall be granted. The law is to take effect on the 15th of February, instant.

Common Schools—The Middlesex County Society for the improvement of Common Schools, held a Public Convention in the Town Hall in this place, on Thursday last. Hon. Samuel Hoar of Concord, presided, and Mr O. H. Wellington of Watertown, Secretary. A very able report was presented by Rev. Mr Edson of Lowell, upon introducing into our schools religious education without sectarianism. Rev. Mr Stetson of Medford, made an elegant report upon the subject of extending the course of education in our public schools, so that the affluent might be induced to send their children to the town schools instead of Academies, and thus forming for the coming generation a common bond of interest and union. Rev. W. Fay of this town, offered a resolution approving the course pursued by the Board of Education, as being free from all sectarian bias; which resolution was supported by Rev. Mr Dodge of Lexington, and Mr Charles Thompson of this town. A resolution was also offered by Mr George W. Warren, recommending the establishment of a Normal school in this vicinity for the qualification of teachers, which was ably supported by Robert Rantoul, Jr. a member of the Board of Education. Another resolution was offered by Rev. Mr Dodge, complimentary to the character and exertions of our teachars. Other addresses were made by the Hon. Mr Hoar, Rev Mr Muzzey of Cambridgeport, Rev. Mr Willard of Newton, Mr Whitcomb of Vermont, and Professor Charles Brooks of New York University.

In the evening a large audience listened with profound attention to a highly interesting and eloquent address by Hon. Horace Mann, Secretary of the Board of Education, upon the necessity of giving to teachers a peculiar training for their office.

All the exercises of the Convention were instructive and entertaining, and they cannot fail of creating a new interest in behalf of the great cause which the society has at heart.—*Bunker Hill Aurora.*

From Malaga.—A correspondent of the Boston Courier, in a letter from Malaga, gives an account of the death of Mr George G. Barrell, late American Consul at Malaga, aged 58.

Mr Barrell—says the writer—has been an admirer and a patron of the fine arts; and during his residence here, he collected a large number of paintings, some of which are of much merit, and several of the best of which it is reported he has in his will given to the government, to be deposited in the library of Congress, which already contains an original head of Columbus, given by him to the library some years since.

On the 28th of Nov., a Catholic clergyman was executed in Malaga, for murder, a rare instance of justice.

The Alchymy of the Dust Hole.—The transmutation of earth into precious metals is carried on with facility in this metropolis: the very dirt of some of the parishes is as eagerly sought for as place and profit. In St. Marylebone the present contractor has paid £1890 per annum for the dust! In St. George Hanover square the contractor gives £1230 for the privilege of sweeping the streets; St. Martins parish received last year, from the contractor £250, and he swept the streets into the bargain! St. James' parish paid £100 for sweeping, and received £200 for the breeze, being a balance in favor of the parish of £100. St. Pauls', Covent-garden, received £150 from the contractor last year, and this year will receive £210. So, by a species of mercantile legerdemain, or modern alchymy, the enormous sum of £3,780 yearly is received alone for the accumulated dirt of five parishes.—London Globe.

Spain.—The Paris correspondent of the N. York American thus speaks of the Spaniards in their present disgraceful and destructive war:—

The Spaniards revile, plunder, pursue and butcher each other, ravage and depopulate their own country; to sustain no government nor claim on the throne, to any real effect or consummation. They fight under different titles and banners; but their motives, dispositions and acts are not distinguishable in a degree to justify, for the cause of liberty, humanity, internal or external welfare, the least preference between the infuriated parties—Christinists and Carlists seem to be alike in every point. The reciprocity of rancor, vindictiveness, evil, good or bad fortune, is perfect. Their victories and defeats, blunders and excesses, are all balanced, as if by invariable design. Thousands perish monthly in battles and seiges; squadrons of Carlists threaten Madrid at one season; armies of Christinists march into and out of the capital; Madrid is received: the Government soon trembles again, fearing equally the Carlist marauders and the city mob; cabinets are dissolved, and recomposed: every Minister and General is merely *ad interim*. Be the vicissitudes what it may, the denouement of the whole always appears indefinitely removed.

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

An act has passed both branches, incorporating the Proprietors of the Botanic Garden in Boston.

In the House, much time has been occupied in debate on the following proposed amendment to the Consttitution.

'The general court, in altering the districts for the choice of counsellors and senators, and in assigning the number to be chosen in each, shall hereafter be governed by the population of said Districts, and not by the proportion of the public taxes paid by each, as heretofore.'

A bill has been introduced, in the House, establishing the punishment of the crimes of highway robbery and burglary, at imprisonment for life, instead of death. After a considerable discussion it was ordered to a third reading by yeas and nays as follows: yes, 330; nays, 81.

The license law has been freely discussed before the special committee having the subject in charge.

On Thursday, last week, the Committee presented a resolve, being a partial report, 'to collect certain statistical information' providing for a vote by the people, on the fourth Monday of this month, by expressing the sentiments of the people as to the principle of prohibiting the sale of liquors; and providing that the returns of such votes should be made within ten days after that day. It was stated that the petitions presented to the House afforded no test of the opinions of the people. At the end of last week, the number of male petitioners for the repeal was 13.277, against it 13,377; of women against it 9576. These petitioners represent only a small portion of the voters of the Commonwealth, and so small was the difference of the number, that no opinion could be prepared from these petitions.

The whole subject was subsequently returned to the same Committee.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Sunday evening last, Mr Joseph McCollom to Miss Thirza Shattuck.

In Roxbury, last evening, by Rev. Mr Lothrop, Mr George B. Wellman, of this city, to Miss Sarah, daughter of John Lakeman, late of this city.

In Quincy, Wm. D. Gray, Esq. to Miss Mary Gordon.

In Northboro' Feb. 5. Maj Eli Prouty of Spencer, to Miss Nancy Brigham, daughter of the late Winslow Brigham of N.

DEATHS.

In this city, Mrs Angeline wife of Edmund Wright of this city, and daughter of Levi Standish Esq. of New Bedford. 36.

In this city, Mrs Elizabeth Brown, 66. On the 10th inst. Andrew, son of Mr F. S. Carruth, 3 mos.

In Dorchester, 9th inst. Capt. James Peirce, 42.

In Northboro' Feb. 2d. Mrs Sally Mason, wife of Mr Thaddeus Mason, 53.

In Milton, Mr Alexander Vose, 73.

In Cohasset, 10th inst. Mrs Zebiah, relict of the late Capt. Nathaniel Nichols, of that place, 83.

In Newark, N. J. 5th inst. Mrs Mary B. K. Gardner, wife of Samuel Gardner Esq. of Roxbury, Mass. the only child of the late Hon. Martin Kinsley, of Hampden, Me. 37.

In Baltimore, 5th inst. Isaac Phillips, Esq. son of late Hon. Turner Phillips, of Boston, 48.

The Annual Meeting of the Society for Promoting Theological Education will be held on Thursday next, the 21st of February at 12 o'clock, at the Hall of the Massachusetts Historical Society, over the Savings Bank in Tremont St.

ALEXANDER YOUNG, *Secretary.*

Boston, Feb. 16th, 1839.

BULFINCH STREET LECTURES.—The lecture in the Vestry of the Rev. Mr. Dean's church in Bulfinch street will be delivered on Wednesday evening next by Rev. E.M. Stone of Beverly. Subject, *The Profession of Religion a Duty.*

Service to commence at 7 o'clock. The public are respectfully invited to attend. f 16

MEMOIR OF MRS HAWKES.—WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. have received a fresh supply of this excelent work, of which the Boston Recorder says:—

The main value of the book lies in the clear and unadorned delineation of Christian principle operating in the heart, in every variety of circumstances; and in its fine illustrations of the nature and power of Faith, as implanted and sustained by the spirit and word of God. Whoever has read the 'Remains of Cecil,' and admired the originality and acuteness of his mind, as there displayed, will find fresh cause of admiration, in the work before us. All his words are like apples of gold, in pictures of silver. And they abound here, as they were preserved by the affectionate disciple who recognized him as her spiritual father. But, we are constrained to say, that to the humble and docile believer, few volumes, of any kind, and no biographical volumes, will supply a richer fund of pure instruction than this, it is a very precious book. f 16

NEW BOOKS.—By Mrs. Gilman. TALES, BALLADS, &c. by Mrs. Caroline Gilman, author of Poetry of Travelling, &c. &c. The following are among the many favorable notices which have appeared respecting this popular work.

'This is a beautiful volume, elegantly bound, and well filled with matter calculated to charm the youthful mind.'

'It seems right to gather up fragments so beautiful as these, and give them a more permanent notoriety.'

'Mrs Gilman is favorably known to the public, as an agreeable writer of essays, both in prose and verse, of a moral and instructive character. The present volume will not diminish her reputation, nor lessen her claims to the grateful remembrance of her contemporaries' Just published by WILLIAM CROSBY & CO. 118 Washington st. f 16

MEDICAL BOOKS.—Hoorack's Practice of Physic, 1 vol 8vo—Eberle's Treatise on the Diseases and Physical Education of Children, 1 vol—Dewee's Treatise on the Diseases of Females, &c, 1 vol 6vo—Dewee's System of Midwifry, &c, 1 vol 8vo—Louis on fever, translated by H. I. Bowditch, in 2 vols—Louis on Phthsis, translated by H. I. Bowditch, in 1 vol—Louis on Bloodletting, translated by Dr Putnam, 1 vol—The Home Book of Health and Medicine, &c. by a Physician of Philadelphia—Good's Study of Medicine, &c, 2 vols 8vo—Cooper's Dictionary of Practical Surgery, &c, 1 vol—Gibson's Institutes and Practice of Surgery, &c, 2 vols 8vo—Ellis's Medical Formulary, fifth edition, with additions, 1 vol—Velpeau's Elementary Treatise on Midwifry, 1 vol—Surgery Illustrated, with 52 plates, compiled from the works of Cutler, Hind, Velpeau, &c, by A. Sidney Doane, A. M. M. D., 1 vol—Flaxman's Anatomical Studies, engraved by Henry Landseer, twenty-two plates, 1 vol, folio—Bourgery et Jacobs Plates to Elementary Anatomy, &c. For sale by C. C. LITTLE & J. BROWN, 112 Washington street. feb 16

RECENT PUBLICATIONS. Hawthorne's Gentle Boy, Illustrated. Everett's Address, and Field's Poem before the Mercantile Library. Heads of the People. Vol. 10, Sparks American Biography. Illustrated editions of Shakspeare, and the Arabian Nights. The Huguenot by James. Gurney Married, by Theodore Hook. Oliver Twist, complete in one vol, illustrated by Cruikshank. James's Tales, Illustrative of the Passions. Keith's Demonstration of the Truth of the Bible. Abercrombie on the culture of the mind. Archy Moore, 2d edition. Self-Culture, by Dr Channing, 2d edition. The Martyr Age of the United States. Dr Lamson's Centennial Discourses. Mr Pierpont's Sermon.

Received by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. feb 16

DR LAMSON'S DISCOURSES—A History of the first Church and Parish in Dedham, in three discourses, delivered on occasion of the completion, Nov. 18, 1838, of the second Century since the gathering of said Church. By Alvan Lamson, D. D., Pastor of the Church. Just received by J. MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. feb 16

MORAL RULE OF POLITICAL ACTION.—A Discourse delivered in Hollis Street Church, Sunday, January 27, 1839, by John Pierpont. Just published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. feb 16

THE UNITARIAN REFORM.—By Rev. James F. Clark. Being No. 138 of the Tracts of the A. U. A. Just published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. feb 16

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HAWTHORNE'S TWICE TOLD TALES. 'We mean no faint praise, when we say, that we think this tale equal in merit to Lamb's Rosamond Gray, of which the Gentle Boy, though quite dissimilar, strongly reminded us while reading it. We earnestly hope that this work will meet with such favor from the public, as shall induce Mr Hawthorne to continue to apply his talents to literature. On minds like his, which we take to be acute, suggestive and observant, American literature depends for a lasting basis, and steady advancement.'—*N. Y. Lit. Gaz.*

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D. MACK, *Principal.*

Cambridge, Nov. 10th, 1838. nov 24

TO THE LADIES.

THE MISSES HUNT, FEMALE PHYSICIANS, would respectfully give notice to the Ladies of Boston and vicinity, that they still continue to attend to all diseases, incident to the Female frame, at their residence, No. 1 Spring Street, corner of Leverett Street, Boston, (Mass.) Diseases of children particularly attended to. The Patent Medicated Champoo Baths will be administered to Ladies. These baths are not only a luxury to persons in health, but a cure for many diseases.

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History of ancient Philosophy. By Dr Henrick Pitter. Translated from the German, by A. J. W. Morrison, of Trinity College.
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(To Readers of the Christian Register in New York city.)

MISS A. M. KITTREDGE has opened a School for Misses, from 6 to 12 years of age, in Amity street, three doors west of Broadway. Miss K. proposes to limit the number of pupils to twenty-five, and to take upon herself the entire instruction of the school. She trusts her having been engaged in a school of similar character for some years, in Boston and vicinity, will be some pledge to parents for her qualifications, though being a stranger, she can only assure them that her pupils shall receive from her the attention, which children at that age so much need.

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References.—Rev. Dr. Milnor, Rev. Mr. Dev *New-York*, 1839.

DESULTORY REMINISCENSES of a T through Germany, France and Switzerla by Hartley H. Wright, Esq. of Boston. Publi and for sale at TICKNOR'S,

f. 16 Corner of Washington and School stre

THE LECTURES delivered before the *Amer Institute of Instruction*, at Lowell Mass., 1838, including the Journal of proceedings, an list of the officers, published under the directio the Board of Censors.

This day published and for sale, Wholesale or Retail, at TICKNOR'S corner of Washington and School streets, where may be procured vols of other years' Lectures. f 16.

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BOSWORTH'S DICTIONARY OF THE ANGLO SAXON LANGUAGE, with a Preface on the origin and connexion of the Germanic tongue a Map of Languages, and the essentials of Anglo Sax

POETRY.

The following Hymn, which was written to be sung at the Ordination of Rev. Mr. Bellows, at the Church in Chamber street, New York, is of surpassing beauty. Many of our Readers will not need to be informed that it is from the graceful and classic pen of the Rev. N. L. Frothingham, D. D.

O Lord of life, and truth, and grace,
Ere nature was begun!
Make welcome to our erring race
Thy Spirit and thy Son.

We hail the Church, built high o'er all
The heathens' rage and scoff;
Thy providence its fenced wall,
'The Lamb the hight thereof.'

Thy Christ hath reach'd his heavenly seat,
Through sorrows and through scars;
*The golden lamps are at his feet,
And in his hand the stars.

O may he walk among us here
With his rebuke and love;
A brightness o'er this lower sphere,
A ray from worlds above!

Teach thou thy youthful servant, Lord,
The mysteries he reveals;
That reverence may receive the word
And meekness loose the seals.

*Rev. II. I.

For the Register and Observer.

'Forgetting the things which are behind, I press *forward*.'—*St Paul.*

Why live in the past?—is the *Spirit* dead?
Its last lay chanted, its last *word* said?
Is creation finished, and left unblest?
Is the sabbath over, of *active* rest?

Doth the sun go forth to his work no more?
Have the waves retired from the sanded shore?
Has the source of Light into darkness hied?
Is the fountain of Truth forever dried?

Is the *loom* of Eternity all that is kept?
Are the *warp* and the *woof* into chaos swept?
And the weaver, Time, is he standing fast,
With his *back* to the future, his eye in the *past*?

Are the garments of God folded up as a scroll,
And a seal set thereon, that none may unrol?
On the pillow of Death hath the *Wearer* lain down?
And doth Memory hold in her keeping his crown?

These things says the world in its impious dream,
As *backward* it rows on Eternity's stream.
'The *past* is of God, and the present *is not*,
'And the book of the future, a lie and a blot.'

'God liveth *to day*,' doth the true soul say,
'He is the *Great Now*, and to *be*, is to pray.
'*He is* and *I am*, and creation is *new*,
'The past is a dream, but the future is *True*.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Mr Editor—The following lines were copied from the last leaf of a Hymn Book, which appears to have been the companion of a gentleman during his voyage across the Atlantic. They seem to express something of the feelings which pervade every bosom at such a time. If considered worthy, be so good as to give them insertion, and oblige

R. W. B.

O Lord, wilt thou be with us here,
On this tempestuous night;
Preserve our souls from every fear,
O Thou our souls' delight.

The raging sea, the thunder's roar,
The lightning's vivid flame,
Are the bright emblems evermore,
Of thine exalted name.

May guardian angels hover round,
And our protectors be,
Till we in favored climes are found,
Freed from the dangerous sea.

Then may we raise our hearts above,
And then exalt our voice;
For thou our God shalt ever prove,
The object of our choice. W.

Gulf-Stream, night of May 10, 18—, in a violent thunder storm.

[From the Scottish Guardian.]

On a child of two and a half years old, who wiped the tears from his father's face with his dying hand.

Pale was the little polished brow
That lately bloomed so fair,
And speechless lay the baby boy,
His parent's pride and care.

The struggle and the fever pang
That shook his frame, were past;
And there, with fixed and wishful glance,
He lay to breathe his last.

Upon the sorrowing father's face
He gazed with dying eye,
Then raised a cold and feeble hand
The starting tear to dry.

And so he wiped those weeping eyes,
E'en with his parting breath;
Oh! tender deed of infant love,
How beautiful in death!

Yes, as that gentle soul forsook
The fainting, trembling clay,
It caught the spirit of that world
Where tears are wiped away.

And still its cherished image gleams
Upon the parent's eye;
A guiding cherub to that home
Where every tear is dry.

Dean Jackson passing one morning through Christchurch quadrangle, met some undergraduates, who walked along without capping. The dean called one of them and asked, Do you know who I am? No, sir. How long have you been in college? Eight days, sir. O, very well, said the dean, walking away, puppies don't open their eyes till the ninth day.

In the course of an inquiry at Hatton garden Police-office, yesterday, it was stated that in Mill-lane, Deptford, there is a regular depot, where vagrants may borrow infants at the rate of 6d. per day each, for the purpose of exciting the compassion of the humane.

The dignity of Marshal of France dates back as far as 1185, when Alberic Clement, Seigneur of Mez, was appointed to that office, second only in rank to that of Connetable. There have been 295 Marshals of France during the 658 years that have elapsed since then until the present time.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Southern Rose.]

THE LILY'S QUEST.

[An Apologue.]

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

(Author of Twice-Told Tales.)

Two lovers, once upon a time, had planned a little summer house, in the form of an antique temple, which it was their purpose to consecrate to all manner of refined and innocent enjoyments. There they would hold pleasant intercourse with one another, and the circle of their familiar friends; there they would give festivals of delicious fruit; there they would hear lightsome music, intermingled with the strains of pathos which make joy more sweet; there they would read poetry and fiction, and permit their own minds to flit away in day dreams and romance; there, in short—for why should we shape out the vague sunshine of their hopes?—there all pure delights were to cluster like roses among the pillars of the edifice, and blossom ever new and spontaneously. So, one breezy and cloudless afternoon, Adam Forrester and Lilias Fay set out upon a ramble over the wide estate which they were to possess together, seeking a proper site for their Temple of Happiness. They were themselves a fair and happy spectacle, fit priest and priestess for such a shrine; although, making poetry of the pretty name of Lilias, Adam Forrester was wont to call her Lily, because her form was as fragile, and her cheek almost as pale.

As they passed, hand in hand, down the avenue of drooping elms, that led from the portal of Lilias Fay's paternal mansion, they seemed to glance like winged creatures through the strips of sunshine, and to scatter brightness where the deep shadows fell. But, setting forth at the same time with this youthful pair, there was a dismal figure, wrapt in a black velvet cloak that might have been made of a coffin-pall, and with a sombre hat, such as mourners wear drooping its broad brim over his heavy brows. Glancing behind them, the lovers well knew who it was that followed, but wished from their hearts that he had been elsewhere, as being a companion so strangely unsuited to their joyous errand. It was a near relative of Lilias Fay, an old man by the name of Walter Gascoigne, who had long labored under the burthen of a melancholy spirit, which was sometimes maddened into absolute insanity, and always had a tinge of it. What a contrast between the young pilgrims of bliss, and their unbidden associate! They looked as if moulded of Heaven's sunshine, and he of earth's gloomiest shade; they flitted along like Hope and Joy, roaming hand in hand through life; while his darksome figure stalked behind, a type of all the woful influences which life could fling upon them. But the three had not gone far, when they reached a spot that pleased the gentle Lily, and she paused.

'What sweeter place shall we find than this?' said she. 'Why should we seek further for the site of our Temple?'

It was indeed a delightful spot of earth, though undistinguished by any very prominent beauties, being merely a nook in the shelter of a hill, with the prospect of a distant lake in one direction, and of a church-spire in another. There were vistas and pathways, leading onward and onward into the green wood-lands, and vanishing away in the glimmering shade. The Temple, if erected here, would look towards the west; so that the lovers could shape all sorts of magnificent dreams out of the purple violet and gold of the sun-set sky; and few of their anticipated pleasures were dearer than this sport of fantasy.

'Yes,' said Adam Forrester, 'we might seek all day, and find no lovelier spot. We will build our Temple here.'

But their sad old companion, who had taken his stand on the very site which they proposed to cover with a marble floor, shook his head and frowned; and the young man and the Lily deemed it almost enough to blight the spot, and desecrate it for their airy Temple, that his dismal figure had thrown its shadow there. He pointed to some scattered stones, the remnants of a former structure, and to flowers such as young girls delight to nurse in their gardens, but which had now relapsed into the wild simplicity of nature.

'Not here!' cried old Walter Gascoigne. 'Here, long ago, other mortals built their Temple of Happiness. Seek another site for yours!'

'What!' exclaimed Lilias Fay. 'Have any ever planned such a Temple, save ourselves?'

'Poor child!' said her gloomy kinsman. 'In one shape or other, every mortal has dreamed your dream.'

Then he told the lovers, how—not, indeed, an antique Temple—but a dwelling had once stood there, and that a dark-clad guest had dwelt among its inmates, sitting forever at the fireside, and poisoning all their household mirth. Under this type, Adam Forrester and Lilias saw that the old man spoke of sorrow. He told of nothing that might not be recorded in the history of almost every household; and yet his hearers felt as if no sunshine ought to fall upon a spot, where human grief had left so deep a stain; or, at least, that no joyous Temple should be built there.

'This is very sad,' said the Lily, sighing.

'Well, there are lovelier spots than this,' said Adam Forrester, soothingly—'spots which sorrow has not blighted.'

So they hastened away, and the melancholy Gascoigne followed them, looking as if he had gathered up all the gloom of the deserted spot, and was bearing it as a burthen of inestimable treasure. But still they rambled on, and soon found themselves in a rocky dell, through the midst of which ran a streamlet, with ripple, and foam, and a continual voice of inarticulate joy. It was a wild retreat, walled on either side with gray precipices, which would have frowned somewhat too sternly, had not a profusion of green shrubbery rooted itself into their crevices, and wreathed gladsome foliage around their solemn brows. But the chief joy of the dell was the little stream, which seemed like the presence of a blissful child, with nothing earthly to do, save to babble merrily and disport itself, and make every living soul its playfellow, and throw the sunny gleams of its spirit upon all.

'Here, here is the spot!' cried the two lovers with one voice, as they reached a level space on the brink of a small cascade. 'This glen was made on purpose for our Temple!'

'And the glad song of the brook will be always in our ears,' said Lilias Fay.

'And its long melody shall sing the bliss of our life-time,' said Adam Forrester.

'Ye must build no temple here!' murmured their dismal companion.

And there again was the old lunatic, standing just on the spot where they meant to rear their sightsome dome, and looking like the embodied symbol of some great woe, that, in forgotten days, had happened there. And, alas! there had been woe, nor that alone. A young man, more than a hundred years before, had lured hither a girl that loved him, and on this spot had murdered her, and washed his bloody hands in the stream which sang so merrily. And ever since, the victim's death-shrieks were often heard to echo between the cliffs.

'And see!' cried old Gascoigne, 'is the stream yet pure from the stain of the murderer's hands?'

'Methinks it has a tinge of blood,' faintly answered the Lily, and being as slight as the gossamer, she trembled and clung to her lover's arm, whispering, 'let us flee from this dreadful vale!'

'Come, then,' said Adam Forrester, as cheerily as he could; 'we shall soon find a happier spot.'

They set forth again, young Pilgrims on that quest which millions—which every child of Earth—has tried in turn. And were the Lily and her lover to be more fortunate than all those millions? For a long time, it seemed not so. The dismal shape of the old lunatic still glided behind them; and for every spot that looked lovely in their eyes, he had some legend of human wrong or suffering, so miserably sad, that his auditors could never afterwards connect the idea of joy with the place where it had happened. Here, a heart-broken woman, kneeling to her child had been spurned from his feet; here, a desolate old creature had prayed to the evil one, and had received a fiendish malignity of soul, in answer to her prayer; here, a new-born infant, sweet blossom of life, had been found dead, with the impress of its mother's fingers round its throat; and here, under a shattered oak, two lovers had been stricken by lightning, and fell blackened corpses in each other's arms. The dreary Gascoigne had a gift to know whatever evil and lamentable thing had stained the bosom of mother Earth; and when his funeral voice had told the tale, it appeared like a prophecy of future woe, as well as a tradition of the past. And now, by their sad demeanor, you would have fancied that the pilgrim lovers were seeking, not a temple of earthly joy, but a tomb for themselves and their posterity.

'Where in this world,' exclaimed Adam Forrester, despondingly, 'shall we build our Temple of Happiness!'

'Where in this world, indeed!' repeated Lilias Fay; and being faint and weary, the more so by the heaviness of her heart, the Lily drooped her head and sat down on the summit of a knoll repeating, 'where in this world shall we build our Temple!'

'Ah! have you already asked yourselves that question?' said their companion, his shaded features growing even gloomier with the smile that dwelt on them; 'yet there is a place, even in this world, where you may build it.'

While the old man spoke, Adam Forrester and Lilias had carelessly thrown their eyes around, and perceived that the spot, where they had chanced to pause, possessed a quiet charm, which was well enough adapted to their present mood of mind. It was a small rise of ground, with a certain regularity of shape, that had perhaps been bestowed by art, and a group of trees, which almost surrounded it, threw their pensive shadows across and far beyond, although some softened glory of the sunshine found its way there. The ancestral mansion, wherein the lovers would dwell together, appeared on one side, and the ivied church, where they were to worship, on another. Happening to cast their eyes on the ground, they smiled, yet with a sense of wonder, to see that a pale lily was growing at their feet.

'We will build our Temple here,' said they, simultaneously, and with an indescribable conviction that they had at last found the very spot.

Yet, while they uttered this exclamation, the young man and the Lily turned an apprehensive glance at their dreary associate, deeming it hardly possible that some tale of earthly affliction should not make those precincts loathsome, as in every former case. The old man stood just behind them, so as to form the chief figure in the group, with his sable cloak muffling the lower part of his visage, and his sombre hat overshadowing his brows. But he gave no word of dissent from their purpose; and an inscrutable smile was accepted by the lovers as a token that here had been no foot-print of guilt or sorrow, to desecrate this site of their Temple of Happiness.

In a little time longer, while summer was still in its prime, the fairy structure of the Temple arose on the summit of the knoll, amid the solemn shadows of the trees, yet often gladdened with bright sunshine. It was built of white marble, with slender and graceful pillars, supporting a vaulted dome; and beneath the centre of this dome, upon a pedestal, was a slab of dark-veined marble, on which books and music might be strewn. But there was a fantasy among the people of the neighborhood, that the edifice was planned after an ancient mausoleum, and was intended for a tomb, and that the central slab of dark-veined marble was to be inscribed with the names of buried ones. They doubted, too, whether the form of Lilias Fay could appertain to a creature of this earth, being so very delicate, and growing every day more fragile, so that she looked as if the summer breeze should snatch her up, and waft her heavenward. But still she watched the daily growth of the Temple; and so did old Walter Gascoigne, who now made that spot his continual haunt, leaning whole hours together on his staff, and giving as deep attention to the work as though it had been indeed a tomb. In due time it was finished, and a day appointed for a simple rite of dedication.

On the preceding evening, after Adam Forrester had taken leave of his mistress, he looked back towards the portal of her dwelling, and felt a strange thrill of fear; for he imagined that, as the setting sun-beams faded from her figure, she was exhaling away, and that something of her ethereal substance was withdrawn, with each lessening gleam of light. With his farewell glance, a shadow had fallen over the portal, and Lilias was invisible. His foreboding spirit deemed it an omen at the time; and so it proved; for the sweet earthly form, by which the Lily had been manifested to the world, was found lifeless, the next morning, in the Temple, with her head resting on her arms, which were folded upon the slab of dark-veined marble. The chill winds of the earth had long since breathed a blight into this beautiful flower, so that a loving hand had now transplanted it, to blossom brightly in the garden of Paradise.

But alas, for the Temple of Happiness! In his unutterable grief, Adam Forrester had no purpose more at heart, than to convert this Temple of many delightful hopes into a tomb, and bury his dead mistress there. And lo! a wonder! Digging a grave beneath the Temple's marble floor, the sexton found no virgin earth, such as was meet to receive the maiden's dust, but an ancient sepulchre, in which were treasured up the bones of generations that had died long ago. Among those forgotten ancestors was the Lily to be laid. And when the funeral procession brought Lilias thither in her coffin, they beheld old Walter Gascoigne standing beneath the dome of the Temple, with his cloak of pall, and face of darkest gloom; and wherever that figure might take its stand, the spot would seem a sepulchre. He watched the mourners as they lowered the coffin down.

'And so,' said he to Adam Forrester, with the strange smile in which his insanity was wont to gleam forth, 'you have found no better foundation for your happiness than on a grave!'

But, as the Shadow of Affliction spoke, a vision of Hope and Joy had its birth in Adam's mind, even from the old man's taunting words; for then he knew what was betokened by the parable in which the Lily and himself had acted; and the mystery of Life and Death was opened to him.

'Joy! joy!' he cried, throwing his arms towards Heaven, 'on a grave be the site of our Temple; and now our happiness is for eternity!'

With those words, a ray of sunshine broke through the dismal sky and glimmered down into the sepulchre; while, at the same moment, the shape of old Walter Gascoigne, stalked drearily away, because his gloom, symbolic of all earthly sorrow, might no longer abide there, now that the darkest riddle of humanity was read.

BEER DRINKING STUDENTS.

Mr Cheever spends the winter in Heidelburgh, an ancient town in Baden, in the S. W. of Germany, famous for its university, and its beer breweries. The following is an extract of a letter recently addressed by him to his brother in Hallowell, Me.—N. Y. Observer.

Heidelberg, Dec. 6, 1838.

I find myself very favorably situated here in Heidelberg in regard to study. From morn till dewy eve, and later too, I am entirely absorbed in the study of the language, for the closest application is requisite if I would master it familiarly. I am quite solitary, perhaps too much so, for as yet nobody knows me, and I know nobody, having scarcely wet the soles of my feet in the stream of German society. I have ventured once or twice, of an evening, into the beer breweries! And here I will let you wonder for a moment, at your wit's end, to know what the word can mean. I say I have ventured once or twice into the breweries—to see the manners of the students; for there are their much-loved evening haunts of social inspiration. The fumes of tobacco-smoke in these pot-houses are ordinarily so thick that one can scarcely see his neighbor across the table; but that seems an atmosphere exceedingly congenial to a Dutch constitution, and in it they can talk and drink and play cards to perfection. Tobacco-smoke and beer seem to be the two most essential elements in the existence of the students. They breakfast at their rooms, dine for about ten cents, at 12 o'clock, at the numerous *gasthausen* for their accommodation, and in the evening resort to similar places, denominated *gast-haus-und-bier-brauerey*, or, in plain English, eating house and brewery together, or to breweries alone. In these there is usually one large room filled with seats, around twelve or twenty tables, with two or three stout German damsels gliding, dimly visible, through dark clouds of smoke, to circulate the liquor in stone jugs or deep enormous tumblers. It is supplied from a reservoir in one corner, where sits the mistress of the scene to receive the clinking coppers; and I should think from its taste, runs fresh into the mouths of the applicants. Fresh-brewed beer and cheese makes many a German student's supper. But it cannot be from such materials that the German imagination gathers its vividness and power. In the German *Theology* we can taste the beer plain enough.

The students in the university are, I suspect, rather an extreme specimen, as to manners and morals, of the German students generally; rather a more disorderly Bacchanalian set than would be found elsewhere. The custom of duelling prevails among them to a frightful extent. Just the other side of the river there is a solitary inn called the Hieschgasse, where the combatants resort for that purpose; and I am told that, ordinarily, four or five duels take place every day! Here again one can taste the beer very plainly. I do not suppose it is a rule of the game always to kill each other, else the university would be speedily depopulated, and yet these wicked contests sometimes terminate fatally. One of the students tells me there is a law of the university by which every student found guilty of having fought three duels shall be expelled from the institution. The consequence of such a law as to the prevalence of the custom, is just such as one might expect; it is no uncommon thing for one and the same student to have been engaged in twenty-five or thirty duels during his course at the university.

And is this, you may ask, the intellectual and moral atmosphere out of which so many profound scholars are continually trained up in Germany? As I said before, I think Heidelberg must be an extreme. There are here about six hundred students, and supposing the third part of them to be sober, thinking, persevering students, that would be a goodly number. Most of the students, I believe, are Catholics; so are most of the towns people.

The situation of the place is beautiful. It lies at the opening of the valley of the Neckar, just where the river issues out from between romantic mountain ranges into a wide and fertile plain, through which it runs meandering to the Rhine. The river is half-no, not more than a quarter as wide as our native Kennebec. I used to think the Kennebec rather an inferior stream; I shall think more nobly of it for having been in Europe, where I have seen very few rivers to be compared with it in size, and none in purity and clearness. It is a singular fact that the rivers of the old world are all mud-colored, or nearly all. The Rhine in Germany, the Thames in England, all the way below London, the Guadalquiver in Spain, the Seine in France, and the Tiber in Italy, are all turbid muddy currents, in which you could not see a fish an inch below the surface. The magnificent old Nile, that wonder of the world among rivers, is no exception to the rule; but then the water is sweet and pleasant, healthful and refreshing; and not a whit the less sweet for its mud. I used to relish it just as highly dipped right out of the river, as I did after it had been filtered. But the Nile is so muddy that the crocodiles are invisible the moment their scaly hides are covered with water.

Midway up the mountains on the south side of the river rise the rich colossal ruins of the magnificent old castle of Heidelberg, overhanging the valley and town—a scene of wonderful beauty, with its thunder-riven towers and romantic antique carvings, amidst wood-walks and gardens, and far-reaching prospects. Oh! what a place of beauty must Heidelberg be in the summer!

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